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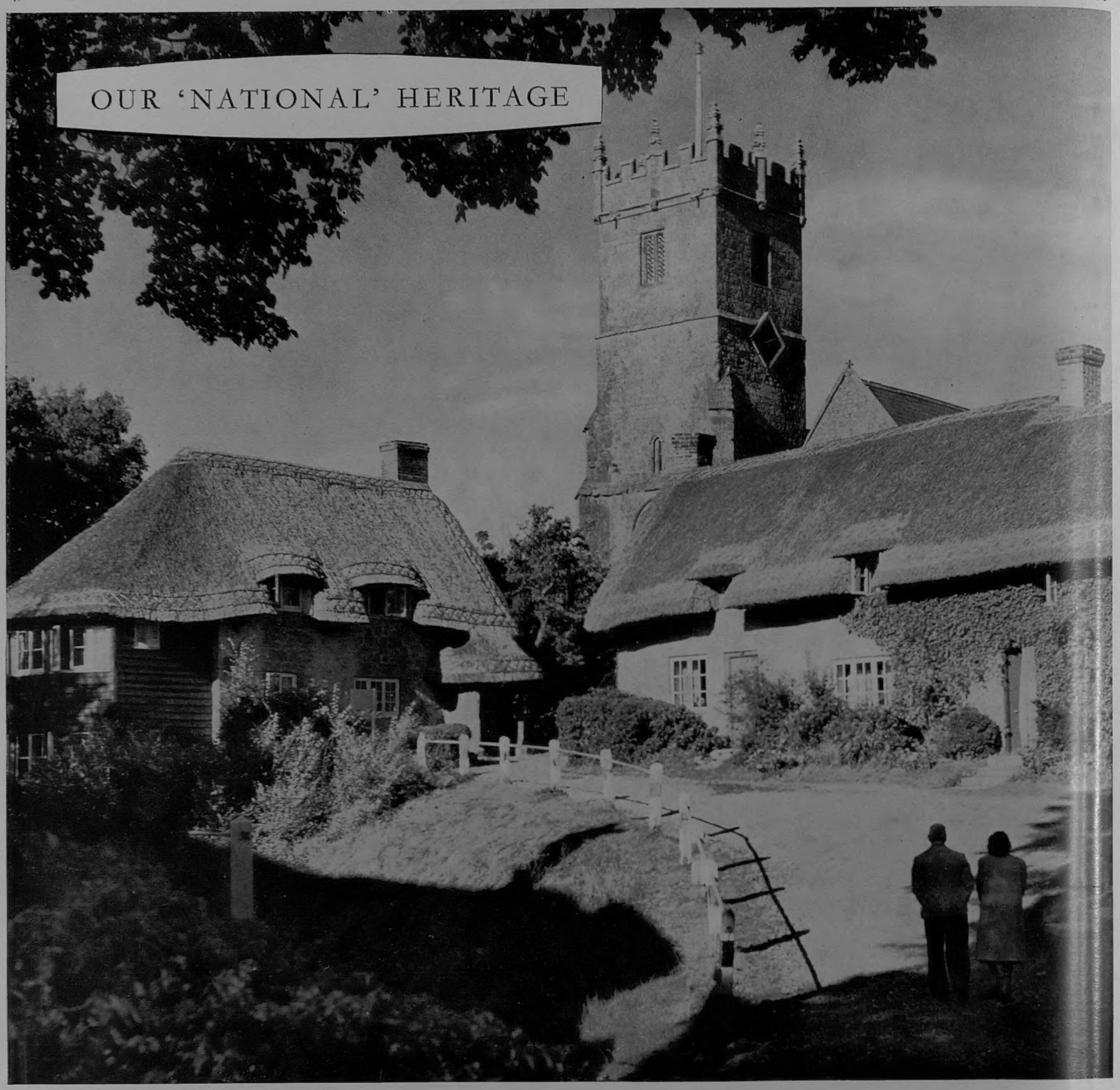

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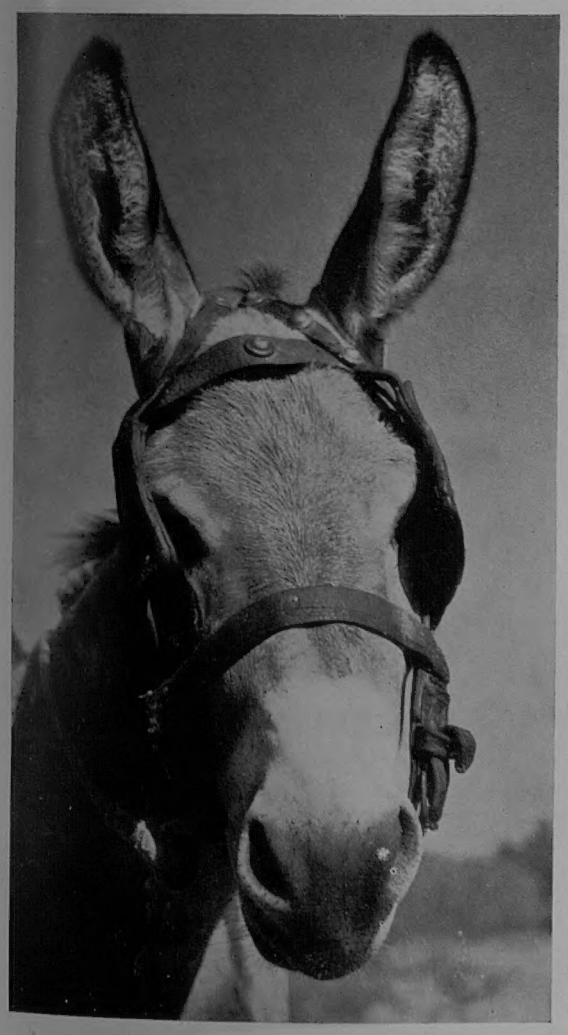

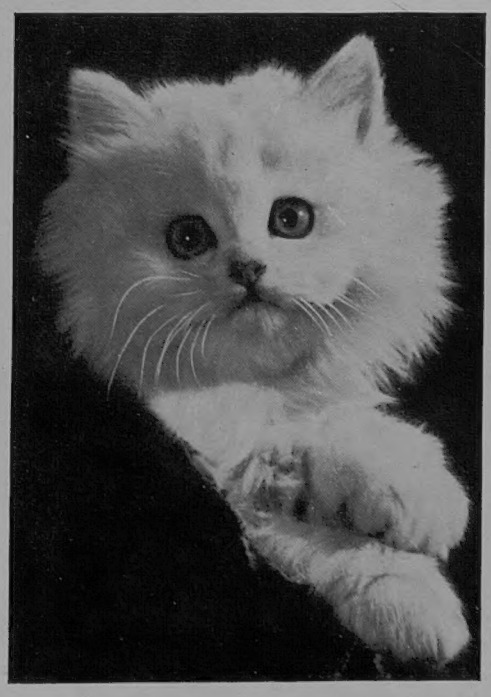

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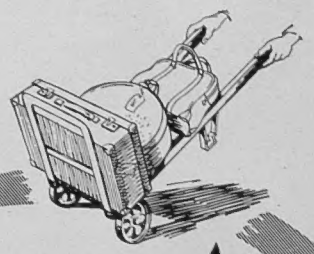

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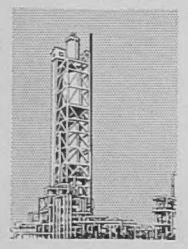

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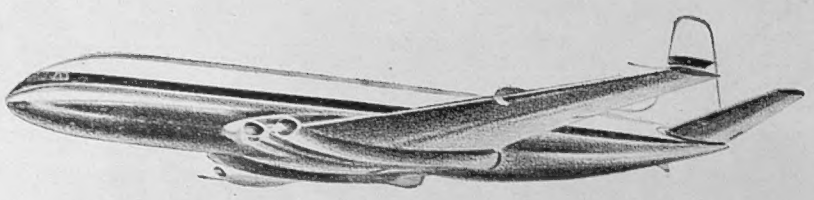

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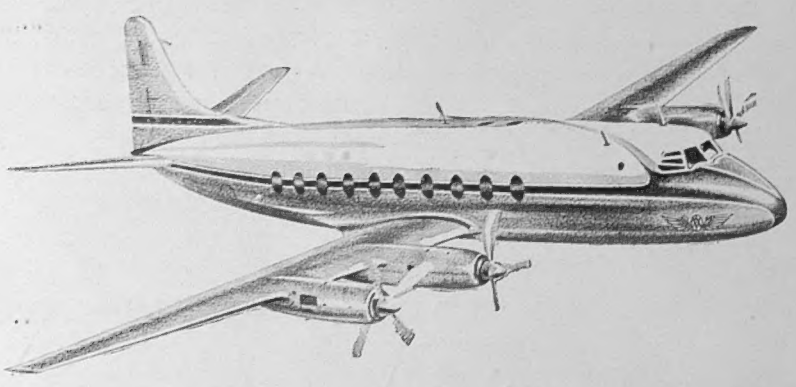

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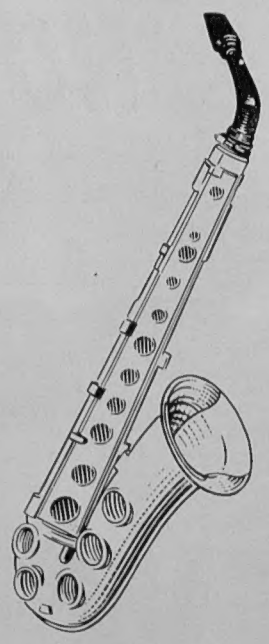

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Volume CCXVII No. 2827

The SPHERE, London, April 17, 1954

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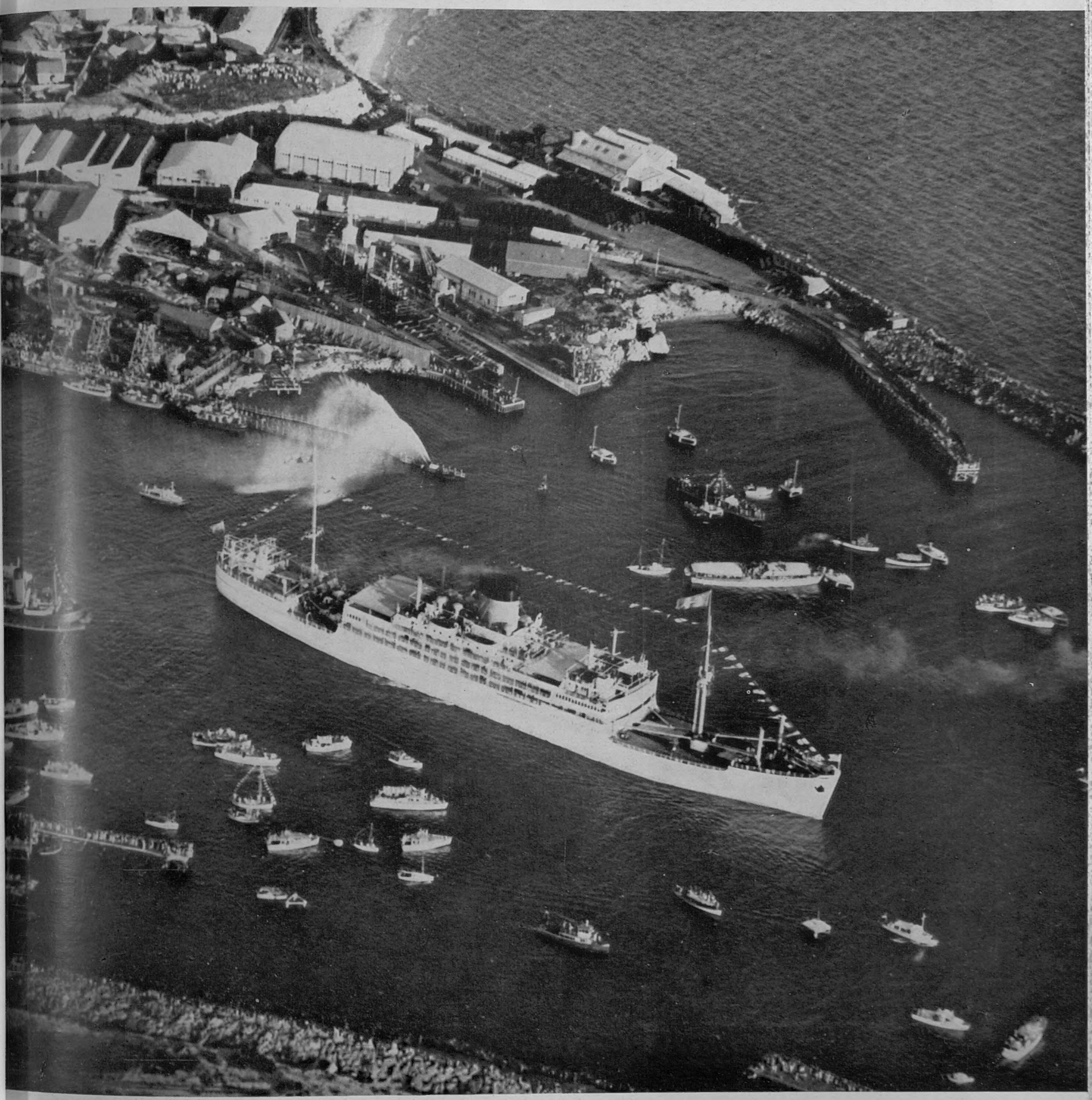

THE QUEEN SETS SAIL FROM AUSTRALIA—THE LINER "GOTHIC," CARRYING HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, STEAMS AWAY FROM FREMANTLE AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE TWO-MONTH ROYAL TOUR OF THE COUNTRY: Many small craft are seen acting as an unofficial escort for the liner, while curtains of water cascade from the nozzles of a powerful fire-float. Thousands of Western Australians are massed all along the harbour walls and at other vantage points.

The brilliant and triumphant two-month Royal tour of the Commonwealth of Australia is over. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh sailed in the *Gothic* from Fremantle, Western Australia, on April 1, the Governor-General; the Governor of Western Australia; the Prime Minister, and other Federal and State dignitaries being present at Victoria Quay to bid farewell. Cheers rang out from the assembled crowds as the Queen and the Duke boarded the liner, and again, later, as they appeared on deck to wave in final acknowledgment to the great reception which they have received throughout the continent. As the liner headed out into the Indian Ocean to meet her escort of warships, the Queen broadcast her farewell message to Australia, saying that she hoped the visit had demonstrated that the Crown was a human link between all peoples who owed allegiance to her—"an allegiance of mutual love and respect, and never of compulsion." After Australia the Royal tour entered a new phase; first, the call at the Cocos-Keeling Islands, and then the voyage on to Ceylon for a visit lasting eleven days. On, then, to Aden for the air journey to Uganda, and eventually Tobruk, where the *Britannia* will be waiting to carry the travellers on the final journey, via Malta and Gibraltar, to London. (See page 103.)

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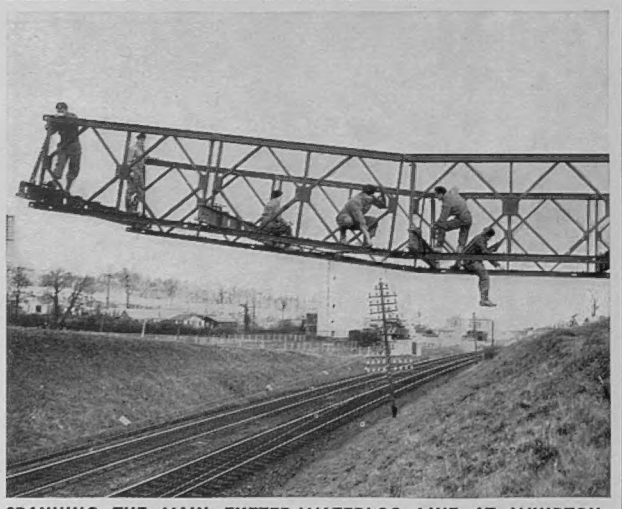
SAPLINGS ON THE EMBANKMENT

THE "NEW LOOK" ALONG LONDON RIVER: Much of the thoroughfare now has a dual carriage-way, the centre island being planted with shrubs and saplings. The public footpath has also been relaid. During the reconstruction work traffic along the Embankment was diverted and hold-ups were caused at several points in the City and West End—notably in the rush hours. Work has also been proceeding on the South Bank (the Festival of Britain site), making the area into an attractive riverside walk.

SPANNING THE RIVER SEVERN

THE NEW BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION OVER THE RIVER AT MAISEMORE, NEAR GLOUCESTER: Replacing an old bridge of several arches, which obstructed the flow of the river, it will carry the A417 road, linking Shrewsbury and district with the main South Wales road at Gloucester. 150 ft. long, it is a single-span skew bridge, thus allowing a free flowing of the river, to minimise flooding. A skew bridge with a single span of this length is very unusual. The construction is of concrete, faced with Cotswold stone.

PREPARING FOR A JUNE SHOW



SPANNING THE MAIN EXETER-WATERLOO LINE AT WHIPTON, EXETER: Territorial Army units from Plymouth, Bournemouth and Wiltshire seen at work constructing a Bailey bridge for use in connection with this year's Bath and West Show at Whipton, Devon, at the beginning of June. The bridge, which will carry a weight of 70 tons, will be used by light traffic and pedestrians. The bridge-building operation was watched by Colonel F. M. Hill, R.E., Salisbury, who recently returned from Korea.

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Orders for subscriptions to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Late Easter.—Easter falls late this year, and to my thinking the later the better. For I agree with Browning that April is the month for England and mid-April the best joy of the calendar, if things go right at home. Thousands, of course, will fly or sail abroad with their cars, and it is not to be denied that Normandy and Paris and the Loire and the Dordogne will provide them with beauty enough. But, for my part, I should choose another season for the Continent and stay at home to enjoy the sweet of the year. I think there is nothing quite so lovely and pride-making for an Englishman as to drive slowly through Sussex or Warwickshire in mid-April, best of all on St. George's Day when the Cross of St. George flies from the village church towers, embowered in new green. This is not the time for the seaside. It is the time for the fields, for the gardens of England, of which there will be a fair but not a very representative choice of openings under the National Gardens Scheme. In my own county, I would certainly recommend visits to Amberley Castle and Muntham Court, Findon, and to Chidham, which is close to Bosham, a shrine of English history. And you might fare worse than to take the lovely road through Midhurst and Cowdray Park to Petworth, and thence on to Duncton Hill and round by Goodwood and West Dean to South Harting and the Downs, where Up Park opens the view to the sea on one side and Blackdown on another. You will be drunk (with beauty) in charge of your car long before the end of this short itinerary. But I hope no one planned Easter Monday for this sentimental journey along this route. On that day the motor-racing and the point-to-point races turn it into an Oxford Street in the rush hours.

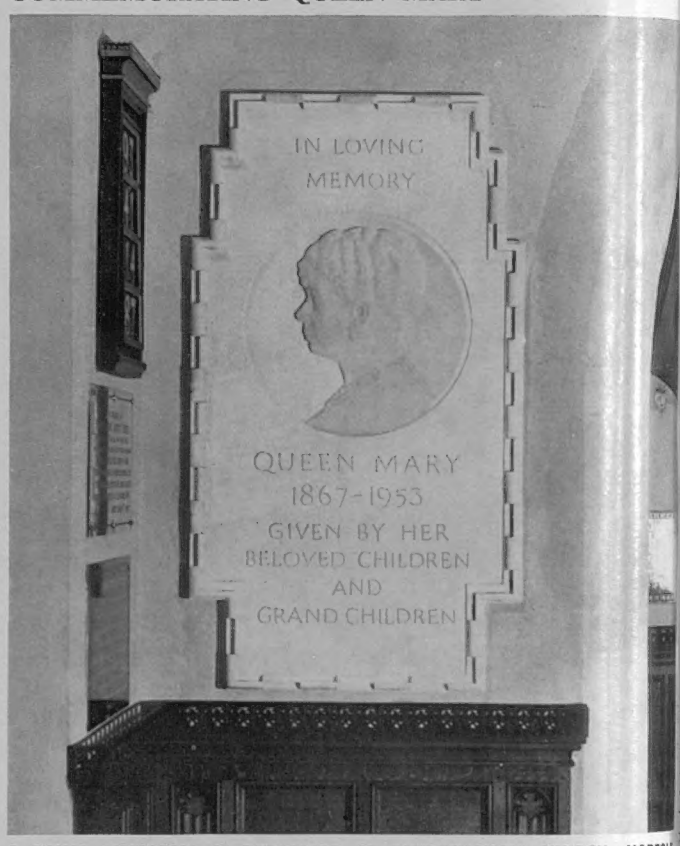
The Bomb.—It is unfortunate that the debate in the House on this hydrogen bombs business, which has so suddenly become of great interest to humanity (!), should take place one day too late for any commentary in this Newsletter. I cannot report all Sir Winston said, and whether what he said will carry us much further. At the beginning of the debate he turned down Mr. Attlee's proposal for a Big Three meeting before Geneva. It is, however, possible to report that the decks have been cleared very considerably during the week preceding the debate, to prophesy that, whatever the debate produced, "more will be heard of this subject." Mr. Attlee had won the day with the Opposition. Its motion was couched in restrained terms and implied no vote of censure. To that extent, this hideous problem is removed from the arena of party politics. At the same time, outside Britain, publicity has been allowed to illuminate the potentialities of the latest H. bombs. The U.S. has admitted its surprise at what the bomb can do. A New York Civil Defence chief has announced the obsolescence of deep shelters and decontamination squads. Total evacuation of New York is the new plan to be worked out. Conceive it if you can! Is anything more needed to prove the "impossibility" of another world war? Remember what happened when a few thousands were evacuated from London in 1939-40. Paint for yourselves the picture of evacuating 5,000,000 from Central London in one day and accommodating them in the Home Counties. And when that miracle is accomplished, all the evacuees will remain in the danger area! The War Cabinet would presumably have a hide-out in Sutherland. There is plenty of urgent planning ahead. And Russians, like Americans, are now viewing their "Operation Ivy" or operation "Ivsky," and perhaps congratulating themselves that they have more and safer and larger "home counties" for evacuees than poor old Britain. In a word, we are progressing towards the *reductio ad absurdum*. At last the decks are being cleared and sanity breaks in on mass-lunacy.

Vanity of Vanities.—For my part I have great faith in the English-speaking democracies, and I believe in the importance of the closest and most friendly alliance between us and the U.S. For I believe that the hearts of our two people are as sound and as sane and as decent as any that beat on the earth's surface, despite the headlines. But both Britain and America often give the appearance to enemies and strangers, and even to one another, of being eccentric and temperamental to the verge of insanity, and just now a certain hysteria is running through American politics and social life which is giving concern to the President and other deep thinkers in the States. And to us also, who receive a perhaps partial idea of it in the Press and on the air. Certainly a hot-gospeller might find in America to-day a golden opportunity for a "revival campaign" with some apt texts from Holy Writ to back his mission withal. He could paint a very telling, if not very exact, picture of America to-day by comparing her to the rich man of Bible parable. Those Americans, by luck and indeed, by industry, have collected all the world's gold (he might say), and now they are feverishly anxious to guard their treasure where moth and rust shall not corrupt it nor thieves break in and steal it. How hardly shall they enter into the Kingdom of Heaven! How much easier for the camel to pass through the needle's eye. How comical that they should pull down their barns and build greater, when to-morrow the H. bomb may claim their souls and lives. Inspired by his argument, backed up by his text, the gospeller would proceed to show how this *auri sacra fames* has inspired every political action taken by the U.S.A. since Pearl Harbour (and indeed before), even those actions which the Western world has hailed as the most generous in history. To preserve the treasure, under modern conditions, her frontier must be in Europe and her allies must be strong. A bodyguard costs money, and it is money well spent. At home in America, suspicion reigns, of course. The police must be to trust nobody, alleged friend or foe. And so on and so forth. By this time the gospeller would have his revival audience in redoubled hysteria, convinced of their wickedness and even more of their lunacy, and before they have "lost all they had, they will vow the rest to Heaven (as *Saki* put it)."

Aren't We All?—Certainly, it offers a great chance to a Billy Graham, who does *not* resist exaggeration or playing on human feelings. But don't let *us* look down our noses and call ourselves superior people, and level-headed and sane. We may have lost our share of the world's treasure, we may no longer be world leaders, but we still behave as though we had treasure to guard and to spend. We are splendidly rebuilding London; the great palaces of industry rise on the bombed sites, the Government buildings and the schools are more luxurious than ever. We in Britain may not be apt a parallel with the rich man of Bible parable, but we can be tellingly compared with the ass among the bundles of hay, or the man who shut the stable door so carefully when the horses were stolen. Are we all? Yes, indeed, we all are, East and West, black and white, bond and free. We choose pretty names for the thing we stand for. We call it liberty where no liberty is; or freedom to worship where no religion survives. We fight for human rights, for peace on earth, and the only ideas we can compass for securing our aims are confined to an armament race in men and mass-murder instruments. It is high time the scientists finished their road to the moon so that our world leaders could have consultations, at "high level," of course, with the moon's leaders and learn how they run things there.

"Pricing a Day's Work."—The difficulties inherent in correctly "pricing a day's work" are realised by wage-rate arbitrators no less than of importance. The "rate for the job" varies, of course, in the nature of the job. But I suppose that, with some rates depend on the difficulty, the danger,

COMMEMORATING QUEEN MARY



A ROYAL MEMORIAL IS DEDICATED AT SANDRINGHAM CHURCH, NORFOLK: This marble plaque erected by her late Majesty's children and grandchildren is situated close to the chancel arch, directly opposite a similar memorial to George V. Bearing a profile of the Queen in relief, the plaque was executed during her lifetime by Sir William Reid Dick.

national importance of the jobs, in the main and in the end the rate for the job is related to the "markets" available for the commodity it produces or the service it supplies. A workman cannot in the long run successfully demand more than any possible employer is prepared to pay him. There are trades of national importance, essential trades, and there are trades of secondary, luxury, or non-essential types, and I suppose it is usually the essential tradesman who can longest and most successfully campaign for better conditions, but in the end the laws of the market—supply and demand—adjust their notions of what they can get. Certain it is that some callings are in part rewarded by the satisfaction derived by their practitioners as craftsmen. It is surely so with many artists and (I well know) with many writers. I should suppose that musicians would be in the category. I know of no art more compelling to its votaries. Accordingly, I was interested in the dismissal of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, to which I have sometimes listened with pleasure. Their Union demanded better conditions for them to bring them in line with comparable orchestras. The demands would cost the Council another £7,500 a year on an annual running loss of £7,000. I suppose £600 a year is not a large salary for a senior member of an orchestra, even with an accommodation allowance. The difficulty is to decide not only whether one orchestra is as good as another, but whether the ratepayers, and the visitors in particular, are prepared to pay more for their orchestra whatever its standing. The time comes when the supremest forms of art find their markets sated. Money, not desire, has failed.

"The Middle Classes."—A certain sympathy is nowadays bestowed on "the middle classes." Economically victimised, it is said, they are dying, and with them will die all the "leadership" in industry and the Services, and all the culture (an oblique asset, if asset it is) of our race, so badly needed to-day. It seems that the lower classes are unwilling to rise to the middle classes. It means taxation and those uncomfortable linen collars and keeping up appearances. It is more fun and more profitable to remain a "worker" and stay untaxed in the lower class. A collar is a sign of serfdom. I heard some pundits arguing these matters on the squabble-box the other night, and we all remarked that no reference was made to an "Upper Class." Apparently, like railway carriages at one time, there are only two classes, second and third with Society, first and third with railway carriages. Anyway, if there is an Upper Class to-day, it would be impossible to define it, and, if defined, it could cut no ice in our economy. So it is not mentioned in these symposia, and if it exist, we do not know whether to belong to it is a matter of blue blood or big bank balances. For my part I am sure it is neither of these. One could not say that a peerage to-day puts a man in the Upper Class, and we know that the millionaire enjoys no larger income than the successful middle-class "leader." Perhaps to-day the Upper Class is a picturesque remnant from the Old Guard of Privilege. They all married their cousins, and married off all their daughters from the schoolroom to suitable peers, and the footnotes detailing each marriage cause us nowadays to breathe a sigh of relief when one such daughter so far forgot herself as to marry a commoner (rich, of course, and soon after created a peer) or even a parson (later a bishop).

"Draped Torso."—I have not seen Henry Moore's bronze called "Draped Torso." If I had, I should be very careful not to condemn it or over-praise it. For I am not an art critic and even art critics are frightened men terrified for their reputations. On the other hand, I *am* a journalist and I know too well that those who enter the lists of criticism in matters of religion or modern art make trouble for themselves. It may be that this "Draped Torso" will bring glory to a great art gallery. All I will say is that its present description brings no glory to our language. It suggests to me a police description of a find of part of a dead body in the river. Of all the outrages to our language, none disgust me more than our polite efforts to avoid plain English. I have read an advertisement offering a "soiled-linen tidy." A "dirty-clothes basket" is far too crude for our cultured modern world. "Naked" is a quite unmentionable adjective. "Undraped" is a cultured substitute. We used to laugh at our Victorian ancestors for describing trousers as "unmentionables." To-day we think nothing of calling a spade a "*bloody* shovel," but we cannot bring ourselves to call it a spade. It must be a horticultural implement. As a lover of our language and not as an art critic, I plead for a new title for Moore's bronze. THE OLD STAGER.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE MINER'S NEW PROSPERITY

How Higher Wages and Increased Security are Affecting Life in the Valleys

By J. E. HARTSHORN

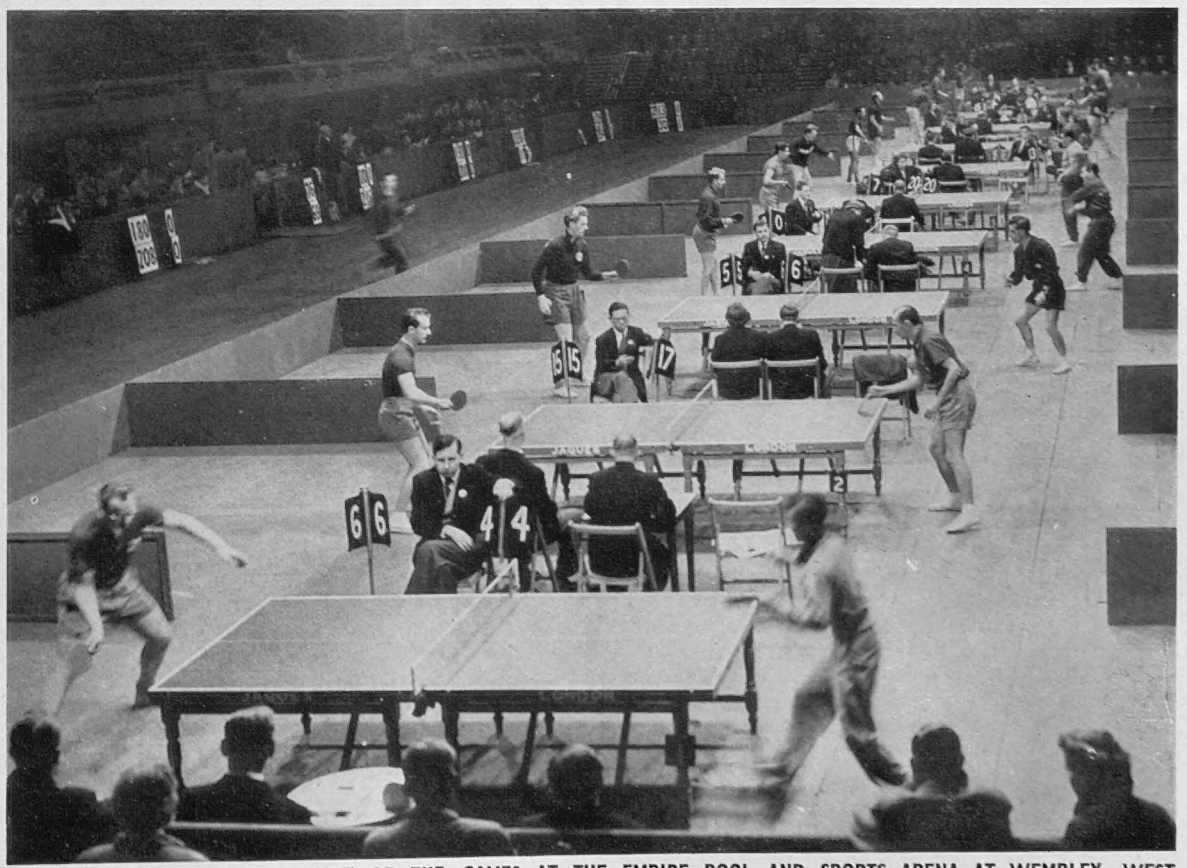
CINECITTA: Europe's New Hollywood

By George Campbell Dixon

THE DUCHESS OF KENT GREETS HER DAUGHTER FROM PARIS

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA RETURNS HOME AFTER SIX MONTHS IN FRANCE: She is seen with her mother (both are in mourning for the late Crown Princess of Norway) after arriving at London Airport. The Princess is to make her debut later this year. The Duchess, accompanied by her daughter, will be visiting Canada in August at the invitation of the Governor-General. She will open the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto on August 27, and then inaugurate the new generating station of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission at Niagara Falls on the 30th.

THE TWENTY-FIRST WORLD TABLE-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS



PLAY IN PROGRESS AT THE START OF THE GAMES AT THE EMPIRE POOL AND SPORTS ARENA AT WEMBLEY, WEST LONDON: The two-week championships began on Monday of last week, with England, holders of the Swaythling Cup, getting away to a good start. Although they were later faced with considerable opposition from the French team, they eventually emerged triumphant after 4 hrs. 10 mins. of play. The England women also started well.

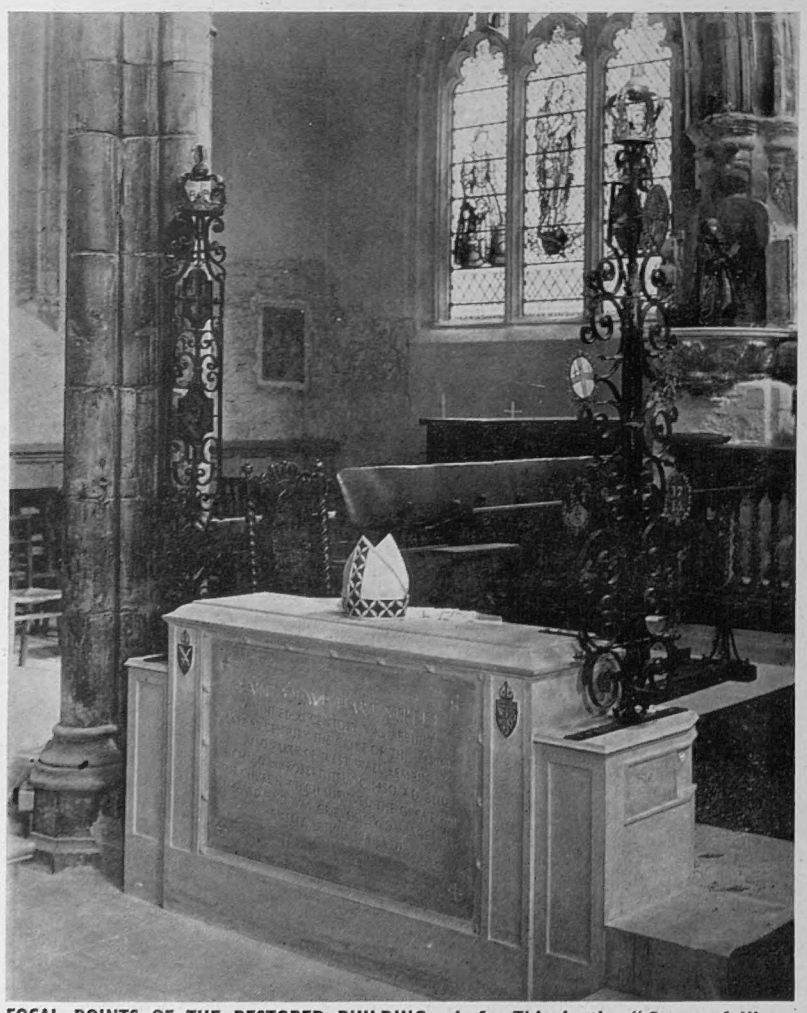
A CITY CHURCH REHALLOWED

St. Olave's, Hart Street, which has Norwegian Associations, has been Restored, Following Wartime Damage

COMMEMORATING SAINTS AND EMINENT WOMEN: Depicted in this window are St. Mary; St. Catherine; Queen Elizabeth I; Elizabeth Fry; Florence Nightingale; Josephine Butler and Edith Cavell.

The Church of St. Olave, Hart Street, dedicated to the memory of the Norwegian king who assisted Ethelred the "Unready" to repel the Danes, escaped destruction during the Great Fire of London in 1666, but was "grievously damaged by enemy action in 1941." After the war, when plans were made for the rebuilding and reorganisation of London's churches, St. Olave's was designated to act as one of the twenty-four parish churches, and shortly after the start of reconstruction King Haakon visited the site to lay the reconstruction stone. As it is the church of London's Norwegian community, the Ambassador attended last week's rehallowing service by the Bishop of London, the Right Rev. J. W. C. Wand, and the sermon at the first Evensong which followed, was preached by the Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Olave in Bergen. The present church dates back to 1450, when it was built by Richard and Robert Cely, but the crypt and other parts of the earlier construction remain.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE HIGH ALTAR IN THE RESTORED CHURCH OF ST. OLAVE, HART STREET, IN THE CITY OF LONDON: Named after the Norwegian Saint who came to England in the early years of the eleventh century, St. Olave's was rehallowed last week by the Bishop of London, following rebuilding after wartime damage. The restored church now acts as one of the twenty-four parish churches of the City.



FOCAL POINTS OF THE RESTORED BUILDING: *Left*—This is the "Stone of History," laid by the Bishop of London, which records the four churches built on the site. Set in the right-hand side of the memorial is a piece of stone from St. Paul's Cathedral. Mounted on top of the stone (adorned with a mitre) are two sword-rests. *Right*—This view, emphasising the broadness of the church, shows the High Altar and the two side chapels. The church was rebuilt in the 12th and 15th centuries.

AN AMERICAN AIR FORCE HELICOPTER ON ITS ERRAND OF MERCY IN IRAQ: Women and children racing for the supplies dropped by helicopter on one of the bunds near Bagdad, which was surrounded by floods. While a member of the crew unconcernedly throws out a bag, a tug-of-war appears to have started among the boys on the right of this picture. In order to alleviate the suffering caused by the unprecedented flooding of the River Tigris, American and Royal Air Force aircraft have been co-operating with land forces in bringing food and clothing to the needy population around Bagdad. The American Air Force helicopters came from the Gulf area, and the Royal Air Force aircraft from the Canal Zone. Besides dropping normal supplies, the aircraft have also brought in earth to reinforce the bunds protecting the city of Bagdad from the catastrophic flood waters.

THE GREAT FLOODS OF BAGDAD

The American and British Air Forces Join in Coming to the Aid of Victims of the Disasters in Iraq

ONCE A NEW INDUSTRIAL AREA EAST OF BAGDAD: In the foreground stand large brickworks marooned amid the great flood waters of the Tigris. The floods were caused by abnormal snowfall in Turkey and Kurdistan during the winter, coupled with torrential rain. The Tigris rose to a height of 118 ft.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL SUBURB OF BAGDAD, WHICH SUFFERED GRIEVOUSLY: The Tel-Mohammed and New Bagdad areas partially inundated. Bagdad itself was only just saved.

News from Four Continents

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America

AMERICAN TANKS PARTICIPATE IN A MADRID VICTORY PARADE: Heavy tanks made in the United States passing the saluting-base on the Castellana Avenue, Madrid, during the annual military review in the presence of General Franco, who is seen at the saluting-base, *on right*. On this occasion, the fifteenth anniversary of the Falangist victory in the Spanish Civil War, American equipment which had been sent to Spain under the Military Aid Agreement was seen in public for the first time. At about the same time the Spanish Government indicated that it would ask for far more economic aid during 1955 than the amount at present under consideration. Spanish officials have repeatedly been saying that if Spain is to contribute effectively to the defence of the West, economic aid must go along with military supplies. Meanwhile news has come that the American authorities may have to change the site of one of the air bases agreed upon last September. One of the major American bases to be built in Spain was to have been at El Copero; it has, unfortunately, been discovered that the site has suffered much from flooding in the past.

THE DEATH OF PRINCESS MAERTHA: The hearse bearing the bier of the Crown Princess of Norway leaving the State Hospital in Oslo on its way to Skaugum, the residence of the Crown Prince. *On right*—The body of Princess Maertha at the State Hospital a few hours after she died, of a liver complaint.

All Scandinavia was greatly saddened at the death of Crown Princess Maertha of Norway a few days after her fifty-first birthday. Princess Maertha was the younger daughter of Prince Carl of Sweden, who was the younger brother of the late King Gustav. In 1929 she married Crown Prince Olaf, the only child of King Haakon of Norway, and thus the Swedish and Norwegian Royal houses were connected only twenty-four years after the separation of the two countries. During the war Princess Maertha, with her three children, went to the United States and remained there until 1942, when she came to London to be at the side of her husband. After the war the Crown Princess returned to Norway, but since 1950, she suffered acutely from a liver complaint. The Queen ordered the Court to go into family mourning for one week. After the lying-in-state in Oslo, there will be a funeral service in the Cathedral next week, which will be attended by the Duke of Gloucester. The interment will be at the chapel of the old fortress of Akershus.

SPANISH PRISONERS RETURN FROM RUSSIA: Some of the 286 repatria prisoners disembarking from the vessel *Semiramis* on their arrival Barcelona from Russia. They were met by senior Spanish officials, includ the Minister of Defence and the Secretary of the Falange Party, who represe General Franco. Many of the repatriated prisoners were members of the Spa Blue Division which fought against the Russians during the war. Most of them spent ten to twelve years in as many as thirty Soviet concentration camps in Arctic Circle, the Urals, the Caucasus and other regions. There were also men in their late twenties who had been in a group of 5,291 Spanish children sen the Soviet Union in 1937 by the Republican Government of the time to spare the horrors of the Civil War. So far only forty-four have returned from Ru

THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY WITH THE PRESIDENT OF ICELAND: From left Queen Ingrid of Denmark, President Asgeir Asgeirsson of Iceland, Mrs. D Asgeirsson, King Frederick, and, in front, Princess Benedikte, Princess An Marie and Princess Margrethe. They are seen at the Amalienborg Ca Copenhagen, shortly after the arrival of the Icelandic President on an offi visit to Denmark. This, his first visit to the Danish capital, was considere affected by the news of the death of Crown Princess Maertha of Nor

A COMPLETE JAZZ BAND FLEES FROM COMMUNIST PERSECUTION: Just inside the American Sector of Berlin, Karl Walter conducts his eighteen-man jazz band in an impromptu concert for an appreciative West German policeman. The band had just fled from the East German city of Chemnitz, where for a long time they were one of the best-known dance orchestras. Their flair for hot rhythm, however, got them into trouble with the Communist authorities. They were successively accused of undermining morals, formalism, cosmopolitanism and uncultural activities. In the face of threats, the band, complete with instruments, musical arrangements and blonde singer, made their way separately to Western Germany and met again in Berlin on the right side of the Iron Curtain.

TEMPORARY SHELTER FOR VICTIMS OF THE BAGDAD FLOODS: A railway bridge in the Iraq capital under which homeless victims of the great floods are finding what rough-and-ready shelter they can for the time being. Above them a train carrying earth is on its way to help the reinforcement against floods of the main bund around Bagdad.

On left—

AN AUSTRIAN EXPEDITION LEAVES FOR THE HIMALAYAS: Dr. Rudolph Jones, left, who is leading an Austrian expedition to Nepal this year, seen before leaving Genoa. He said that his expedition was directed towards the north-west of Nepal, but would not disclose which peak it was intended to climb.

On right—

A 20-FT. STATUE FOR ST. PETER'S, ROME: A part of the huge marble statue of the French Saint Louise de Marillac, which has now filled the thirty-ninth and final niche reserved for founder saints.

. . . AND THE BULL JUMPED OVER THE RING: Sunday afternoon in Caracas, Venezuela, at a school where future bull-fighters, and bulls, are trained. This particular animal took a dislike to its lessons, and calmly jumped over the bull ring. It was all in the day's entertainment and the trumpet-player in the stand did not even pause.

A HELICOPTER TO THE RESCUE: A Sikorsky H19 helicopter of the U.S. Air Force is seen bringing passengers ashore from the Swedish cargo-ship *Dalsland*, which ran aground near Casablanca. Earlier, rescue parties had tried to reach the ship from the land but had not succeeded, because the sea was too rough. Among those rescued were the captain's wife and his young son. Later, when the seas had subsided, tugs from Gibraltar reached the *Dalsland* and pulled her free.

CASSINO RISES AGAIN

The Ancient Abbey, Founded by St. Benedict in 529, Only to be Destroyed in One of the Fiercest Battles of the War, is Being Faithfully Reconstructed

MONTE CASSINO'S MONASTERY AFTER THE BATTLE : The ancient monastery, founded by St. Benedict in 529, was left in ruins. *Below*—MONTE CASSINO NOW : The work of restoring the monastery has been progressing more rapidly of late. First, hundreds of tons of rubble had to be cleared away. It has been estimated that the rebuilding alone, without embellishments, will cost about £1,500,000.

THE REBUILT MONASTERY LOOKS DOWN ON THE REBUILT TOWN : Cassino, scene of one of the fiercest battles of World War II, was visited recently by Italy's President, Luigi Einaudi, on the tenth anniversary of the battle, during which a German parachute division put up a desperate last stand against the Poles.

Until 1944 the Abbey of Monte Cassino was one of the great Christian monuments, the Mother Abbey of the Benedictine Order, founded by St. Benedict himself in 529. Then, dominating the strategic Highway 6, which was the main route north to Rome, it became the pivot point of Kesselring's vaunted Gustav Line. The Abbey, with its enormously thick stone walls, was a natural fortress, and there a German parachute division held out against the Poles of the Allied armies until May. Not even the 1,000-bomber raid of March 15, 1944, which practically razed Cassino, could dislodge them. In all, some 25,000 tons of bombs were rained on the monastery and little town.

Recently, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the battle, the Italian President, Signor Luigi Einaudi, made an official visit to the town and monastery to see how the work of reconstruction was progressing. It was going well; before work could start on the monastery, hundreds of tons of rubble had first to be cleared away, but much of the ancient abbey has been faithfully restored and a new town of Cassino has arisen not far from the ruins of the old

PART OF THE REBUILT MONASTERY : On the extreme left of the picture is a section of the ruined walls. The buildings are being finished in travertine and other local stone.

CASSINO, 1944 : This was the scene during the 1,000-bomber raid of March 15, 1944, when all the fury of war was let loose on what was once one of Italy's prettiest small towns. It was not until the following May that Cassino eventually fell.

CASSINO, 1954 : Now a new Cassino is being built a short distance from the ruins of the old. The picture above was taken from Monte Cassino and shows some of the ruins of the old town in the foreground. Among the new buildings are several handsome blocks of workers' flats built by the Italian Ministry of Public Works. Each accommodates twenty-two of the families who used to live in the old town.

The Yachting Year

FITTING OUT FOR THE SEASON

Preparations are in Full Swing for Another Yachting Season, whose Prospects are also Discussed

By UFFA FOX

WITH SPECIAL PICTURES BY GABOR DENES

This is a heartening time of year for the yachtsman. After the winter gales have died down, the yachts come out of their protective shells on to the slipways around the coasts of Britain. Feverish preparations are made for yet another season of yachting. This is the first of a series of articles which Uffa Fox will write during the coming summer, describing the prospects and the results of the chief events in the yachting calendar. His experience as a designer, builder and sailor of yachts gives him unusual insight into the problems of the yachtsman.

IN the spring a yachtsman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of paint and varnish, and all the processes of fitting-out his vessel and making her ready for sea. As soon as the heavy rains and frosts of winter are over, fitting out begins; then the vessels are struck over, launched and rigged once more to embark on the freedom of the seas.

Striking over is a job which illustrates the shipwright's art at its best. In the case of an average-sized 50-ton yacht, the vessel towers above her keel blocks in the position she has lain in all winter. The problem is to shunt her sideways into the launching cradle. Along come the shipwrights to put three greasy ground ways under her athwartships. These ways are greased with tallow, the only grease which will float heavy loads; on top of them shorter sliding ways are fitted which are approximately the width of the vessel. The next step is to drive wedges under the vessel, between the sliding ways, to lift her off her keel blocks and transfer her weight to the sliding ways.

A bilge block is then built up on the centre sliding way amidships on either side of the vessel; on the outer sliding ways strong poppets, or stout struts, are set against the bulge of the hull. The vessel is now set secure on the three sliding ways by her keel in three places and by her hull in six places. Pulled in by two winches, the vessel is then struck, or slid, sideways until her keel is over the centre of the slipway cradle. From then on, launching is a comparatively simple, but possibly more spectacular, operation.

With his vessel afloat again, the yachtsman has the rest of the spring and the summer in which to enjoy the peace of the sea; only on the sea can one find peace these days.

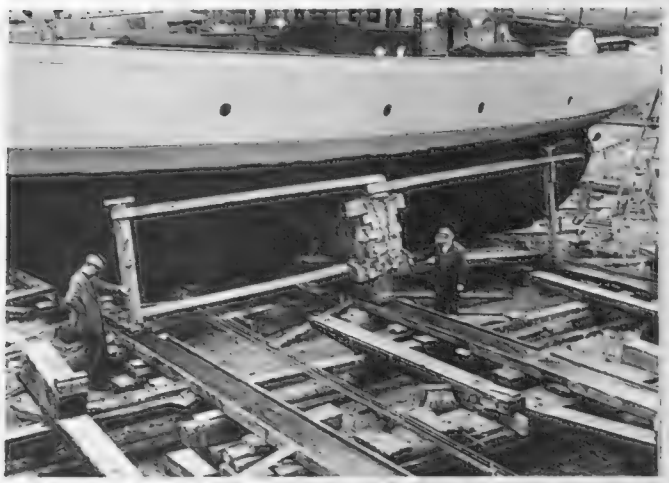
Each sea-going vessel is in itself a self-contained unit, a country all on its own, with its own laws for the days and weeks at sea. Life is very simple and pleasant, for yachtsmen choose to have around them only those whose company they enjoy. The only thing that affects their life is the weather, which is seldom two days alike unless the vessel is running before the Trade Winds; just as we must have different

(*Continued on following page*)

A HEART-WARMING SIGHT FOR ALL YACHTSMEN: Air-Commodore Grandy's *Kaladana* is having her mast stepped on the slipway at Cowes before her launching from Lallow's Yard. In harbours throughout the British Isles yachts are now being painted, varnished and generally fitted out in preparation for the coming season.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S YACHT IS PREPARED FOR THE NEW SEASON: *Coweslip* being fitted out at the yard of the Medina Yacht Company at Cowes. Last year the Duke of Edinburgh sailed his Flying Fifteen as well as his Dragon-class yacht *Bluebottle* regularly at Cowes. It is expected that he will sail *Coweslip* again this year before he leaves for his tour of Canada. The yacht was designed by Uffa Fox and was presented in 1949 to the Duke of Edinburgh by the people of Cowes.

FITTING OUT FOR THE NEW SEASON (*Cont.*)



PREPARING A YACHT FOR LAUNCHING : The ocean racing ketch *Mæander*, which belongs to Air-Commodore A. V. Harvey, M.P., at Marvin's Yard, Cowes. Supported by a bilge block and two poppets, or stout vertical struts, the yacht is being struck over to her launching cradle on three sliding ways. This operation of striking over is a great test of the shipwright's skill.

THE "MÆANDER" READY FOR LAUNCHING : The keel of th yacht is over the centre of the slipway cradle, aft she had been slid sideways into position. Now she ready for the actual spectacular launching operatio

On left—

THE FIRST GREAT MOMENT OF THE YACHTING YEAR HA COME : *Mæander* is launched from Marvin's Yar This view of the comparatively simple operation show in the foreground, the Cowes yard, where the prepara tions were made, including the three sliding way

A NEW YACHT BEING BUILT ON THE HAMBLE RIVER : Work in progress on the cabin top of *Norlethe*. This is a new cruising and racing yacht of 32 ft. 6 ins. water-line length. She has been designed by F. R. Parker, and is being built by Moody's for Mr. R. R. Burton at their yard on the Hamble River in Hamphire.

THE POPULAR FIREFLIES GO FOR EXPORT : These 12-ft. racin dinghies are being loaded at the Marine Fairey Work in Hamble for export to America. The *Firefly* most popular because of her small size and low pric

(*Continued from previous page*)

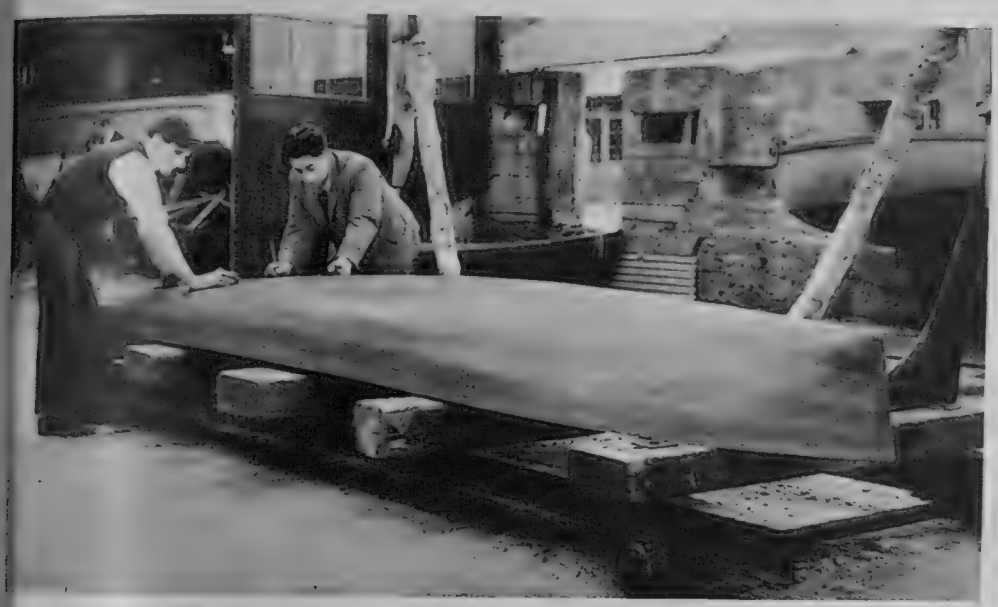
colours to make a picture or be hungry to enjoy a mea so we must have rain to enjoy sunshine, and gales t enjoy the gentle winds of heaven. Whereas on land man catches the same train morning and evening, a sees the same dreary railway stations and streets around him—at sea nothing is ever the same.

But, above all this, there is the wonderful sense freedom. So it is not to be wondered at that every ye sees an ever-increasing number of people taking to sail the sea in every kind of boat, from little dinghies large and stately yachts.

The Firefly, a 12-ft. National moulded dinghy, is th most popular of the National One-design Classes in th country ; one would expect this, because it is the smalle and the cheapest. There are innumerable classes, but no as dainty and light as the International Sliding-se Canoe, known as the dry fly of sailing because of th delicate skill required to get the utmost out of the boats ; and, like other classes, the canoe fleet is growin

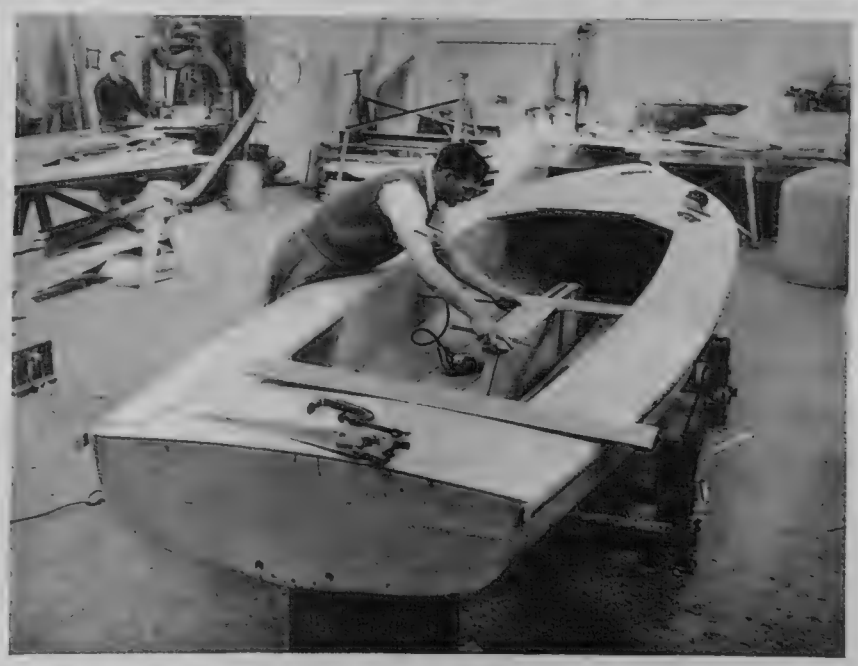
BRINGING OUT THE MAST: The 74-ft. mast of Air-Commodore Harvey's yacht *Mæander* being brought out of its winter storage. It takes twelve men to carry the mast from the yard to the yacht, where it will be stepped.

THE COMPLETED PLANKING OF A NEW YACHT: A new Arthur Robb Lion class cruising yacht which is being built at Moody's Yard on the Hamble River.



On left—
A NEWLY-DESIGNED INTERNATIONAL CANOE: The fore and aft planking, glued in Honduras mahogany, at the Medina Yard, Cowes. This new international sliding-seat canoe has been designed by Uffa Fox. It is hoped that Mr. John Stothert will take her to America to challenge for the New York Canoe Club International Challenge Cup.

On right—
FITTING OUT THE LLOYD'S YACHT: *Lutine* having her topside prepared for painting at Cowes.



BUILDING AT THE FAIREY MARINE WORKS IN HAMBLE: *On left*—Varnishing a Firefly with the aid of a special revolving cradle which is used for holding the hull in position. *On right*—A Jollyboat under construction at the Hamble works. This is a new type of 18-ft. yacht which was designed by Uffa Fox and sailed by him last year. The Fairey Marine Works produce moulded yachts like the Firefly, Jollyboat and the small Duckling. A number of these products are exported to the United States.

The National Centreboard Classes range up through the Firefly, the 14-footer, the Merlin Rockets, the 15 ft. Swordfish, the National 18-footer, and on to the larger boats, but there are a great many other classes growing without national status and without the support of the national authority. As well as these centreboard classes, there are the keel boat classes, such as Stars, Flying Fifteens, Swallows, Dragons, 5.5's and 6 metres. There are very few of the international 8 metres and 12 metres afloat to-day—not enough to form a racing class—which gives an indication of the burden of taxation.

On the other hand, the cruisers, largely encouraged by the Royal Ocean Racing Club, are prospering and flourishing. In this class a man can have his home, with his food, books, his wife and family all around him as he sails the seas and oceans. As well as all this there is the terrific sense of achievement which a family feels when they have sailed together from England to America, or round the world, or raced across the Atlantic.

With the spring sunshine, every owner, helmsman and member of the crew is full of high hope as he works away at various jobs—rigging, splicing, whipping, rubbing down, varnishing, painting, looking over charts and tide-tables—in anticipation of the summer's sport ahead. They dream of long summer days and the short nights under a starlit sky. May, June and early July are kindly months. But then comes the bleak, cold, blustery weather as the south-west monsoon sets in towards the end of July, to continue throughout the greater part of August. It was this south-west monsoon that wrecked the Spanish Armada as it was driven up-Channel and, afterwards, up through the North Sea round the North of Scotland. Very few battled their way to windward down the west coast of Ireland and back to Spain. This south-west monsoon played such an important part that Elizabeth I inscribed on the Armada medal: "*Affiavit Deus et Dissipantur*" ("God sent forth His breath and they are scattered").

September is, however, a gentle month, and most sailing people continue to sail throughout that month; in the old days yachtsmen stopped sailing at the end of Cowes Week and went north to shoot grouse. The reason Cowes Week is sometimes the last week of July instead of the first week of August is because of the tradition of the social calendar; Cowes Week follows Goodwood and must end in time for the grouse shooting on August 12.

In the season ahead there is a full racing programme for every kind of boat, from the smallest to the largest, organised by the Royal Yachting Association and all yacht and sailing clubs of the British Isles. Passage and ocean racing is the special care of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, which has done so much to foster and develop the art of taking small vessels over calm and stormy seas to all parts of the world.

Soon sailing-vessels will be dancing over inland waters and the broad oceans.

NEW YORK FROM THE AIR

Some Unusual Pictures, Taken from a Helicopter, of America's First City

While London still deliberates on whether or not to have a helicopter service from London Airport to the centre of the city, New York already has such facilities. In the autumn of 1952 New York Airways inaugurated a service between the three principal air terminals—LaGuardia, Idlewild and Newark—with seven-passenger Sikorsky S-55 helicopters. The Company plans to cover an area extending from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to Trenton, New Jersey—an area which is the most densely populated in the United States, has the highest concentration of industrial and commercial activity and generates more air traffic than any other area in the world.

Negotiations for the use of helicopter landing-grounds in the heart of Manhattan are now under way, and soon probably, there will be landing-grounds on the roofs of many buildings. Then, it is hoped, helicopters will carry a lot of the passenger traffic between New York and the suburbs, relieving the rush-hour strains on the roads and railways. This, of course, will not happen until New York Airways get their new helicopters—commercial variations of the big ones being developed for the Services. These will be able to carry 35-40 passengers.

During the first year of operation New York Airways, with five helicopters, transported more than 1,00 passengers, 3,000,000 lb. of mail, and 100,000 lb. of freight. The time for reaching Newark Airport from Idlewild was cut down from ninety minutes at the fastest by road or rail to nineteen minutes. A recent survey in New York of helicopter transport prospects forecasts that by 197 about 6,000,000 passengers will be using helicopters.

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK, FROM A HELICOPTER : Flying at less than 1,000 ft., the helicopter is taking mail from the airport over the bay of New York to Staten Island. The latter was at one time the fashionable suburb of New York, and it is dotted with beautiful old pillared houses, built when land, lumber and domestic service were cheap. Most of them are now abandoned and falling into ruin. Except among the villages near the ferry and portions of the centre of the island, a depressing atmosphere of past prosperity envelops the place.

THE HOME OF AMERICAN CAPITAL : An aeriel view from East River of the entrance to Wall Street. The street gets its name from an Indian stockade which was built across Manhattan Island in 1643.

FOG IN NEW YORK : When fog blankets the city only the tallest buildings are visible from the Rockefeller Centre observation-roof on top of the R.C.A. (Radio Corporation of America) building. This view from the roof, which is 850 ft. above street level, shows the fog covering all the buildings except the Empire State on the right, 500 Fifth Avenue (front centre), and the Fred French building on the extreme left.

On left—

A HELICOPTER LANDING-GROUND : The landing-ground, on the roof of a skyscraper, is only about 100 ft. square. A little over a year ago a helicopter service was set up in New York —New York Airways Inc.— to provide transport for mail and passengers from Idlewild Airport to points within a 50-mile radius of the city.

THE ROCKEFELLER CENTRE: This unique 15-building development in the centre of Manhattan occupies a little more than 12 acres between 48th and 51st Street and between Fifth Avenue and the Avenue of the Americas. The Esso Building, extreme right, forms the northern gateway to the Centre, with an entrance on 52nd. The building in the centre of the picture, towering above all others, is the R.C.A. Building of 70 storeys. Right of it, and just behind the spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, is the 41-storey International Building. The 36-storey Time and Life Building stands at the extreme left of the photograph between 48th and 49th. Behind it and across Rockefeller Plaza is the Eastern Airlines Building, the U.S. Rubber Company Building and the Center Theatre on the Avenue of the Americas. Behind the International Building, between 50th and 51st, is the 15-storey Associated Press Building. Directly behind this is the Radio City Music Hall, and, behind that, the 31-storey Americas Building.

A ROOF-TOP VIEW OF NEW YORK TOWARDS HOBOKEN: In the foreground of the picture is a "heliport"—a well-marked landing-ground for helicopters on the roof of a 16-storey building on the corner of 15th Street and Ninth Avenue. In the background is a stretch of the Hudson River.

THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDINGS: An unusual picture, taken from a helicopter, of the U.N. Secretariat Building, rearing skywards like a giant matchbox. On the left of it is the General Assembly's building, looking from the air like some strange geometrical design. The Secretariat Building, whose walls are made almost entirely of glass, faces out on to East River

THE LITTLE VICTIM OF MAU MAU TERRORISM : Andrew Stephens, the four-year-old son of Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. Horace Stephens, who was slashed to death outside his home near Nairobi.

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER OF ANDREW STEPHENS : The house on the Kiambu Road, four miles outside Nairobi, where the young boy was murdered by a Mau Mau. Andrew Stephens was pedalling along the gravel drive on his tricycle, extreme left, while the terrorist was lurking in the shrubbery near the garage in the distance. The Mau Mau crept forward, slashed at the boy's head with the curved 18-in. blade of a panga, and then ran off into the bush.

A KENYA TRAGEDY

The Savage Murder of a Four-Year-Old Boy in a Renewed Outburst of Mau Mau Terrorism

At a time when negotiations were in progress for the large-scale surrender of Mau Mau terrorists came a series of particularly savage attacks, this time directed against children. Andrew Stephens, the four-year-old son of an R.A.F. officer, was attacked and killed while playing outside his house a few miles from Nairobi. A houseboy saw the attack and shouted for help. With the boy's father he chased the murderer, but he escaped into the thick bush. Within an hour, however, the Mau Mau terrorist had been apprehended, and it was learnt that only shortly before the attack he had taken the Mau Mau oath to kill a European. At the same time five African schools in the Kikuyu Reserve were burned down by terrorists, and several children were injured.

SUSPECTS ARE ROUNDED UP WITHIN MINUTES OF THE MURDER : *On left*—Two Africans awaiting questioning outside the house of Flight-Lieutenant Stephens. *On right*—A detective and an African policeman questioning a suspect. Immediately after the murder, police and troops of the 3rd Battalion of the King's African Rifles cordoned off the area and an intensive man-hunt began. A warning was issued to all parents, especially those living in isolated houses, not to lose sight of their children out of doors.

ANDREW AND HIS TWO-YEAR-OLD BROTHER IN THEIR KENYA HOME : Andrew Stephens playing with his brother Christopher, in front. On the left is the Jaluo houseboy who witnessed the murder, with his little son.

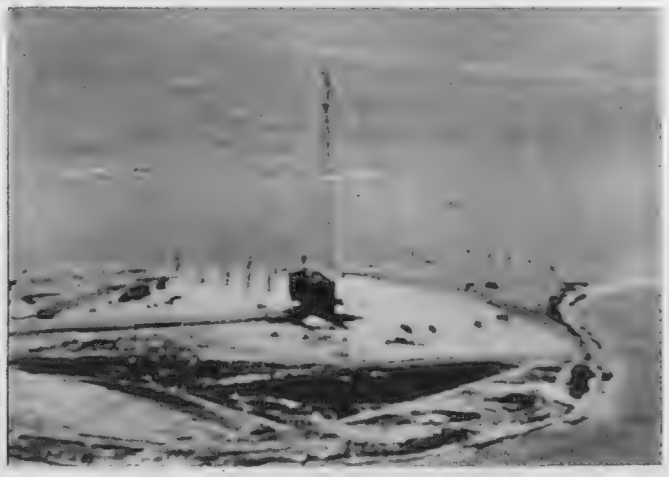
A FAMILY GROUP SHORTLY BEFORE THE TRAGEDY : Mrs. Stephens and her two children at their Kenya home. Mrs. Stephens, with her children, had gone to Nairobi last December to join her husband, who is stationed with an R.A.F. unit at Eastleigh, on the city's outskirts. The family came from Par, Cornwall.

On left—

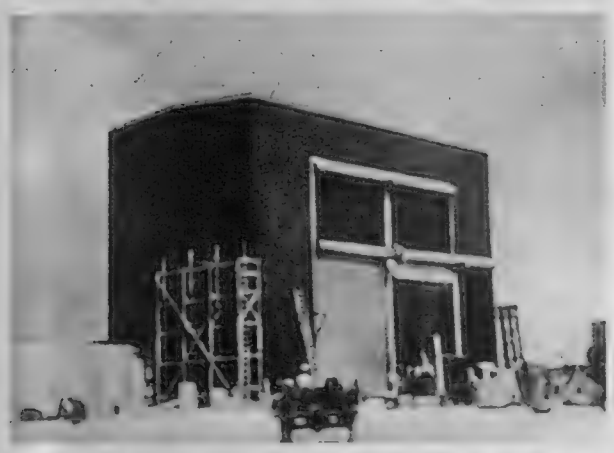
ACCUSED OF THE MURDER : The young Kikuyu farm labourer, Gichuho Kamoni, who has been charged with the murder of Andrew Stephens. He was found within an hour of the attack, holding a bloodstained bush knife. It was stated that Kamoni had taken a Mau Mau oath only a few hours before the murder, vowing to behead a European. He confessed to the crime.

THIS ATOM AGE

The Installations in the Pacific for the Hydrogen Bomb Explosion in November 1952; Checking on Radioactive Particles at Heidelberg; and New Machinery at One of Britain's Atomic Factories



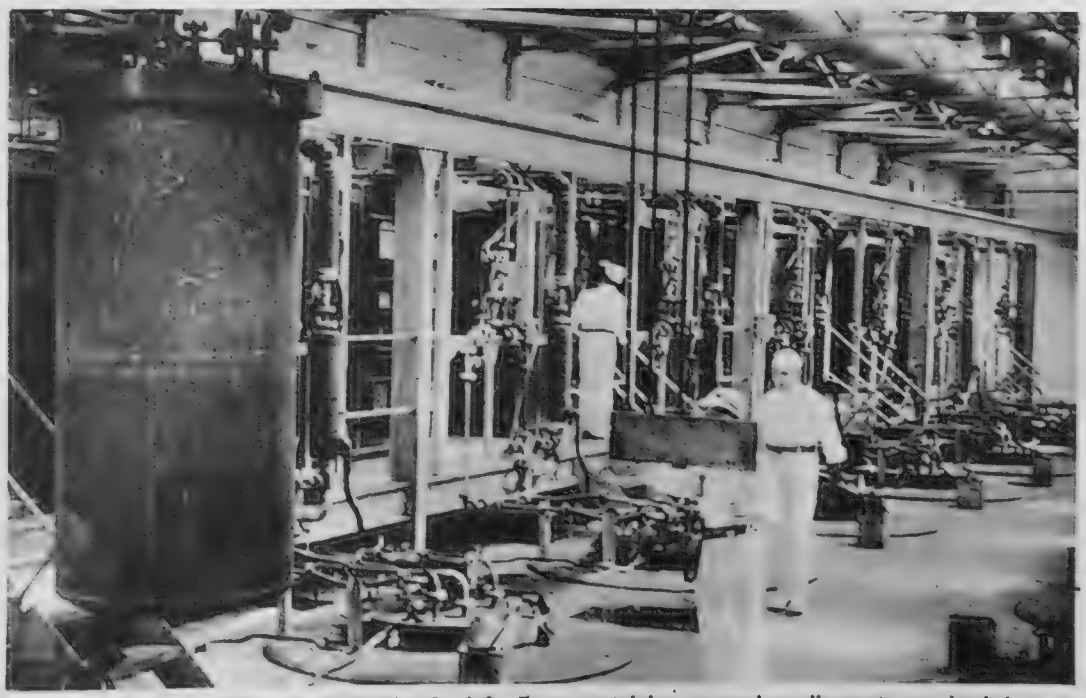
ELUGELAB, WHERE THE FIRST HYDROGEN DEVICE WAS EXPLODED IN NOVEMBER 1952: *On left*—An aerial view showing Elugelab in relation to two of the other small islands in the north of Eniwetok Atoll. From the "cab," the building which housed the thermonuclear device, ran a long plywood tube across the causeways and the islands of Teiter and Bogon. On Bogon, nearly two miles away, was a detection station. *On right*—The black building which housed the first hydrogen bomb in the middle of Elugelab. Officials have refused to explain what part the tower played in the detonation of the device. The island itself disappeared completely after the explosion, leaving a crater a mile in diameter and 175 ft. deep.



THE SMALL BUILDING WHICH HOUSED THE HYDROGEN DEVICE AT ENIWETOK: A view of the "cab," as it neared completion. The small workshop on Elugelab was jammed with recording and detonating gadgets for the explosion.

KEEPING A CHECK ON RADIOACTIVITY IN GERMANY: The special filter station which has been set up on a hill 1,600 ft. above Heidelberg. This is the only station of its kind in Europe, and checks on the radio-activity loosed off into the air by nuclear and thermonuclear detonations. The station is operated by Professor Otto Haxel and his assistant, Herr Gerhard Schumann, and records any hydrogen or atom bomb tests in any part of the world. The results of these checks so far indicate that the atmosphere has not yet been sufficiently polluted to endanger life. It is said that the earth's normal atmosphere is far more radioactive than the particles reaching Heidelberg from atom and hydrogen tests. Through its detecting gear the scientists at the station can tell the exact date on which hydrogen and atomic tests take place, but they cannot determine with any certainty where the tests are carried out. It takes three or four weeks for radioactive particles from the Pacific to reach the station.

PREPARING THE RAW MATERIAL FOR NUCLEAR FISSION AT ONE OF BRITAIN'S ATOMIC FACTORIES: Ammonium diuranate being loaded into trays at the Ministry of Supply factory at Springfields, near Preston, Lancashire. These trays are then placed into furnace pots for eventual conversion into metallic uranium, an essential component of nuclear fission. Recently the Ministry of Supply placed an order for atomic equipment worth about £500,000 with the General Electric Company. This record-breaking order comprised fifty-four vertical cylindrical furnaces, and 200 furnace pots.



THE LATEST EQUIPMENT IS USED AT SPRINGFIELDS TO CONVERT RAW MATERIALS TO METALLIC URANIUM: *On left*—Trays containing ammonium diuranate are loaded on to trolleys at one of Britain's three atomic factories, ready to be placed in one of the 200 new furnace pots. *Right*—The process of converting pure ammonium diuranate to metallic uranium is divided into two phases. First it is turned into pure uranium tetrafluoride in the furnace pots, and then it is converted into metal.

THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY FOR THE FIRST FLIGHT OF FAIREY GANNETS AT THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR STATION AT FORD : Like great mechanical birds, the Gannets are seen taxi-ing, folding their wings as they go. The ceremony took place in the presence of Flag Officer Air (Home) Vice-Admiral Sir John Eccles and Sir Richard Fairey, the chairman and managing director of Fairey Aviation Limited.

The GANNET, JAVELIN, and THUNDERSTREAK

Three Modern Aircraft which Form an Important Part of the Air-power of the Western World

For many years Fairey Aviation have been associated with naval flying, and the Gannet is the latest in a long line of aircraft developed for the Fleet Air Arm. It carries a crew of three, has a retractable radar "bin" near the rear of the fuselage, and has stowage space for sonobuoys and other equipment. The pilot's cockpit, being placed well forward on the fuselage, gives a very good view both latterally and downwards. The power unit is an Armstrong Siddeley double Mamba turbine. The two turbines are placed side by side, and each drives one of two co-axial contra-rotating four-bladed propellers. Each engine can be operated independently of the other thus providing twin-engine safety and a means of economising in fuel when in flight. The two engines are used together only when taking off or when extra speed is needed in flight, one propeller usually being feathered and remaining stationary. The picture at the top of this page shows the Gannet taxi-ing, using only one of its two propellers. The aircraft is in super-priority production for the Royal Navy and the Royal Australian Navy, and shows every promise of becoming as well known as its illustrious forerunner, the Swordfish.

THE COMPACT BUNDLE OF A GANNET READY FOR STOWING : The wings, which can be collapsed or extended mechanically in a matter of seconds, fold in two places, thus presenting a saving in height as well as width.

On right—

A FLYING ARMOURY—A REPUBLIC F-84F THUNDERSTREAK IS ALMOST DWARFED BY THE EQUIPMENT IT CARRIES : In the foreground of this picture, on the outside, are four 1,000-lb. bombs, nearer the centre are two 2,000-lb. bombs, and between them twenty-four 5-in. rockets. In the back row are four 230-gallon drop tanks, two 450-gallon tanks and six 0.5-in machine-guns, with their strip ammunition.

The F-84F Thunderstreak can carry altogether an armament load of over 4,000 lb. Such a load might consist of the four 1,000-lb. bombs, or two 2,000-lb. bombs and the six machine-guns, which are carried in the nose. The bombs could be replaced by the twenty-four 5-in. rockets. With these combinations of armaments, the Thunderstreak can carry two 230-gallon drop tanks for middle-range duties, or two 450-gallon tanks for long-range escort duties.

This aircraft is a swept-wing fighter-reconnaissance plane developed from the very successful Thunderjet, and is now in full production for the United States Air Force. Two versions of the aircraft are being built, one as the fighter-bomber, seen in this picture, and another as a photo-reconnaissance aircraft. This type is designed to be carried attached to the belly of a RB 36 bomber. From there it can be launched when over the target, carry out its mission and return to its mother plane. Pictures of this appeared in The Sphere on April 3, 1954.

A GANNET SPREADS ITS WINGS OVER THE CHANNEL : One of the first four production aircraft is seen flying over a destroyer, with its retractable radome lowered. After the handing-over ceremony, the four Gannets took off from the airfield at Ford, and, led by the Fairey Swordfish biplane, which was in active service with the Navy only ten years ago, flew over the Channel. The Gannet is the first British aircraft to be designed solely for anti-submarine work, and will replace the American-built Avenger.

Above and on right—

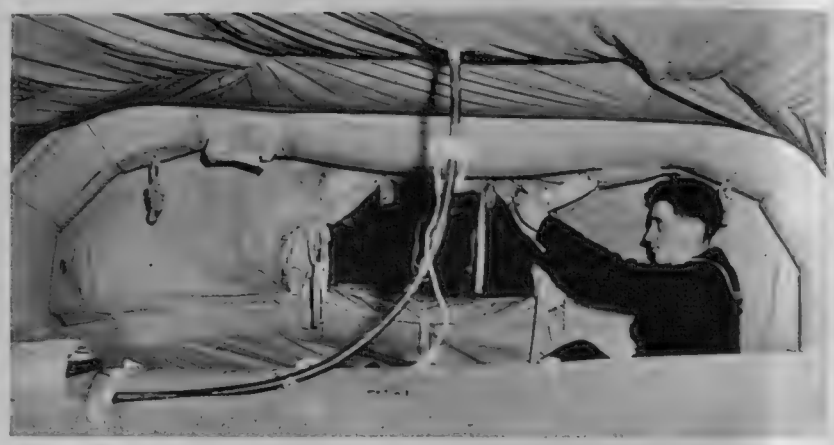
THE FOURTH PROTOTYPE OF THE GLOSTER JAVELIN MAKES ITS BOW : These two photographs are the first in flight pictures of the latest prototype. A modification noticeable on this model is the curved line of the leading edge of the wings ; this is caused by the outer part of the leading edge being extended to increase the wing area. The tailplane, which appears to be falling off the end of the fuselage in the picture above, is, in fact, set at the top of a broad, swept-back fin and rudder. The Javelin is the first twin-engined delta-winged aircraft to be designed for a specific purpose (it is a night fighter and an all-weather day fighter), and the production model, which is expected to be off the lines later this year, will probably carry air-to-air-guided missiles. Many hundreds of hours flying have been logged in the prototype models, much of it at over 50,000 ft. The Gloster Javelin is powered by two Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire Turbojets.

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION FOR NAVAL PILOTS: They are seen jumping from a launch and swimming towards an inflatable life-raft during an exercise conducted from the Survival Training School at H.M.S. *Siskin*, Royal Naval Air Station, Gosport.

TRYING OUT THE LIFE-RAFTS

Newly-trained Naval Pilots go to Gosport, Hampshire, for a Course in Survival Training

One of the items demonstrated at the recent exercise carried out by the Survival Training School at Gosport was the twenty-man life-raft. This is rather like an inflated tented dinghy and is used for the rescue of crashed pilots operating with the Royal Navy, and of shipwrecked seamen. A container of compressed carbon-dioxide inflates the dinghy in ten seconds and then a cover of rubberised cotton fabric is erected over a 54-in. mast. This is buttoned down to afford protection from exposure. The buoyancy chambers are baffled to minimise the effects of possible damage, and a lateral tube amidships enables the raft to keep its occupants afloat at one end should the other become deflated. Because of the low-pressure system, deflation would be slow if all but severe damage occurred. The length of the craft when inflated is 16 ft. and the beam 10 ft. The occupants are protected by a layer of still air, which is one of the best forms of insulation against both heat and cold.



INSIDE A TWENTY-MAN INFLATABLE LIFE-RAFT FITTED WITH ITS TENT COVERING: The raft, which has been in use for some years now, is issued to H.M. ships and merchant vessels. When packed it is 5 ft. long; it weighs 215 lb.

SCRAMBLING INTO THE LIFE-SAVING "TENT" AT SEA: The raft, which holds twenty men, is inflated with carbon-dioxide. It has a rubber canopy which forms a protection against exposure, and is equipped with almost everything required for survival in even the roughest weather. The men, seen in the pictures reproduced on this page, are wearing the Mark II life-saving jackets over the new immersion suits. They could also fix a small light to their headgear, if necessary.

Farewell to Australia

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Sail from Fremantle at the Conclusion of their Two-month Tour of the Country

As the liner *Gothic* sailed away from Fremantle into the setting sun of an autumn afternoon, the Queen broadcast a message to the Australian people saying that both she and her husband had spent a happy time in the country; had seen a great deal of the land, and had had the good fortune to meet many people in a wide range of occupations. "We take back," said the Queen, "many happy memories and a great admiration for Australia and her people." It was a simple but stirring farewell ceremony, with the leaders from Australia's Federal capital present to wish the Queen and the Duke *bon voyage*, and the great crowds of Western Australians massed at all vantage points to echo their own good wishes. As the liner slipped from her berth the Royal couple appeared on deck, and from the wharf came the sound of saluting guns, cheering, singing and music; planes roared overhead and the hundreds of small craft and other shipping, mostly dressed overall, sounded their sirens. The last days had been spent in Perth and other parts of the State, and by the time the Royal couple had boarded the *Gothic* they had travelled between 14,000 and 15,000 miles across the vast continent. In Australia the tour has been described as an "unforgettable experience."

A FAREWELL WAVE FROM THE QUEEN AS THE LINER "GOTHIC" SAILS FROM FREMANTLE AT THE CLOSE OF THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: In addition to the official party of Australian dignitaries, a great concourse of people flocked to this Western Australian port to witness the departure of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The last days of the Royal tour were spent in Perth, and the last engagement was the visit to the Holywood Repatriation Hospital.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL SALUTES THE QUEEN AS SHE PREPARES TO BOARD THE "GOTHIC": Sir William Slim, together with his wife; the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies (also seen in the picture), and Dame Pattie Menzies flew from Canberra to take part in the farewell ceremonies.

THE BAND PLAYS ON THE WHARF WHILE THE CROWD WAITS FOR THE ROYAL COUPLE TO APPEAR ON DECK: Later, as the liner edged away from the dockside, the band played "Auld Lang Syne," children sang and men of the Royal tour car company gave a special cheer.

THE LAST FAREWELLS AND THE "GOTHIC" SAILS: As the liner gathered speed, flights of Vampire Emets and long-range Lockheed Neptunes flew overhead in a farewell salute, and a mile-long string of small craft sailed out into the Indian Ocean as an unofficial escort. Later, the *Gothic*, which was heading for the Cocos-Keeling Islands, was joined by the Australian carrier *Vengeance*, the destroyers *Anzac* and *Bataan* and the R.N. cruiser *Ceylon* from the East Indies Station.

THE CONQUEROR—BRITAIN'S NEW HEAVY-GUN TANK : A few details, but not many, of the new tank were released last week when it was shown for the first time. Its gun is considerably heavier than the Centurion's 20-pounder, and it will have the latest system for controlling its fire.

THE CONQUEROR

The Production of a New Heavy-gun Tank is a Landmark in British Armoured History

The new heavy-gun tank, the Conqueror, is now in limited production and will be tested in troop trials in Germany within the next two or three months. Heavier, and with a much larger gun than the Centurion's 20-pounder, the Conqueror is not meant to supplant the Centurion, but to be complementary to it. During the war the Western Allies concentrated on cruiser tanks, to be used with infantry or in independent roles; they had no heavy tanks. But the successful use by the Germans in Normandy of heavy Tiger tanks—whose main role was to stop other tanks—convinced tacticians that no army could afford to be without heavy tanks like the Tiger. Britain produced five models of an 80-ton tank during the war, but none was used; the Conqueror, therefore, is a landmark in British tank production.

THE CONQUEROR'S TURRET : Some detail of the gun turret and mounting. *Below*—THE TANK SIDE ON : The Conqueror is more heavily armoured than the 50-ton Centurion and is rather larger. It has a good turn of speed and is easily manœuvred.

A COMPETITOR IN THE DRESSAGE TEST OF THE OLYMPIC HORSE TRIALS AT BADMINTON : The Three-Day Event on the Duke of Beaufort's estate at Badminton only started in 1949, but has now established itself as one of the big events of the equestrian year. The trials were started because in 1948 there was no course on which to hold the Olympic Games Three-Day Event—an event always popular on the Continent which, however, had never caught on in this country. Aided by the Duke of Beaufort, the British Horse Society have remedied this lack. The Three-Day Event, consisting of Dressage, a cross-country race and jumping, is a fine, all-round test for horse and rider.

THE BADMINTON THREE-DAY EVENT

The Olympic Horse Trials on the Duke of Beaufort's Estate are now Established as one of the Most Important and Popular Events of the Equestrian Year

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

The Olympic Horse Trials at Badminton have, in the short time since they were started in 1949, developed into a major event. Before the British Horse Society, with the willing co-operation of the Duke of Beaufort, launched it, there was no comparable event in Britain. The Three-Day Event—of Dressage, cross-country and jumping—has long been popular on the Continent and is a major Olympic event. In 1948, because there was no suitable course in this country, it was dropped from that Olympiad. As it is regarded by many as the finest all-round test for horse and rider, the Badminton Trials have bridged a gap in British horsemanship which affected to some extent the prestige of our horses and riders abroad. This year it takes place between April 21 and 23, and, in the article below, illustrated by pictures of last year's trials, Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald tells the story of this event.

SIX years ago there was no Three-Day Event at Badminton—or anywhere else in Britain, for that matter. It is difficult indeed to realise this now, for to-day the Event is an established feature of the social and sporting year, and attracts enormous crowds on each day. But that is the fact. The first Three-Day Event was held at Badminton on April 20, 21 and 22, 1949.

I think that it would be true to say that the Three-Day Event at Badminton was born at Wembley in 1948. So far as that event in the Olympic Games was concerned we were caught totally unprepared. This may seem rather astonishing. Before the war the Army Equitation School at Weedon had provided some good teams to represent us in the Olympic Games and, as a matter of fact, we won a Bronze Medal in the Games of 1936. But before the war was another world : the Army Equitation School belonged to another world. It would not be an exaggeration to say that in 1948 hardly anybody in this country even knew that such a competition as the Three-Day Event existed. We had got to start from scratch.

It might be thought that that would be equally true of show-jumping. But that is not so. Show-jumping as a sport was already well established in this country. It was, of course, nothing like so popular as it is to-day, but it was established. There were jumping competitions held all over the country. There was something to work on. All that had to be done was to develop an existing sport, and the British Show Jumping Association did this most efficiently. For all that, it was a task of the first magnitude, and it would not have been accomplished but for the drive and enthusiasm of Lieut.-Colonel Mike Ansell. Teams were sent abroad to compete under International conditions, and the policy paid so well (though I seem to remember that a lot of people disagreed with it at the time) that a Bronze Medal was won at Wembley in 1948 and the Gold Medal at Helsinki in 1952.

The problem for the Three-Day Event was quite different and very much more difficult. There was nothing to work on. Both riders and horses had to be found. And it is very much more difficult to find a good Three-Day Event horse than it is to find a good show jumper. But that is not all. Although the Three-Day Event was not, at that time, known in England (except by a few enthusiasts) and was certainly not regarded as a sporting event even by those who did know, it has always been held in the highest esteem abroad. Most nations regard it as the greatest of all the equestrian competitions (and rightly so), and they would far rather win it than any of the other competitions, including the Grand Prix des Nations. There was, therefore, also the question of prestige.

Of course, there is a very great prestige attached to the winning of the Olympic Grand Prix des Nations. But the Three-Day Event is on a different plane altogether. This is something which affects our national reputation, equine no less than equestrian, right through, not just one facet of it as is the case with show-jumping. For it is our national boast not only that we produce the best thoroughbreds in the world, but also that we breed the best riding horses in the world and the best riders over country. And it is precisely these things that the Three-Day Event is designed to find out. It is not much use making a boast if you cannot support it in practice. Failure to compete in International Three-Day Event competitions would undoubtedly affect our national reputation abroad most grievously, as would continual failure in such competitions. And the effect of such a blow to our national reputation would reach far beyond mere equestrian competitions and would affect in some measure our whole horse industry, and especially the breeding and export side of it. It was essential to find and train a team for the Three-Day Event in the Olympic Games at Helsinki in 1952.

MEET OF THE BEAUFORT HOUNDS : The Duke of Beaufort rides out with his hounds from Badminton. The Duke has been an enthusiastic backer of the Olympic Trials, which will be held on his estate next week.

The Three-Day Event covers " Dressage," steeplechase course, a cross-country course, and show-jumping ; and there are time limits. In other words, it is a severe test for the horse in stamina and speed as well as in jumping ability and obedience. For the rider it is a supreme test of horse-mastership as distinct from mere horsemanship—a distinction that is not always well understood.

It will be seen that the competition demands very special qualities both in the horse and in the rider. It demands of the horse much more than the normal good-class hunter can give. It demands more even than the really good point-to-pointer can give, for, though such a horse should have the stamina and the speed, and should not be difficult to

(*Continued on following page*)

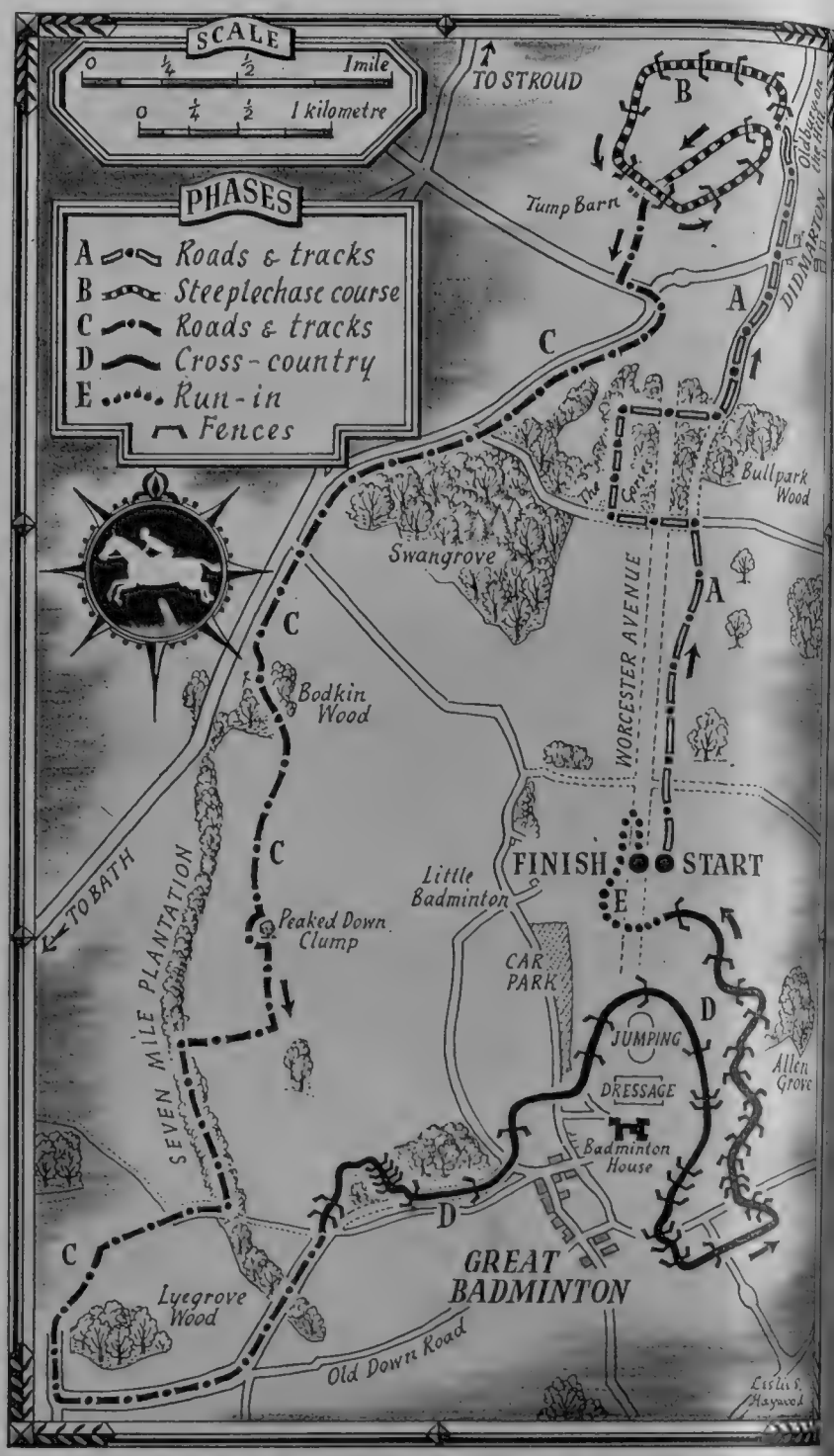
A VETERINARY INSPECTION OF THE HORSES : British breeders like to claim that they produce the best thoroughbreds in the world. They also claim the best riding horses and the best riders over open country. To back these claims, it was essential to prepare for the Three-Day Event at the Olympics—which Continental riders consider a greater one than the Grand Prix des Nations—and in 1952 Britain nearly won this event.

THE BADMINTON THREE-DAY EVENT

(*Continued from previous page*)

school over show jumps, there are qualities demanded in the Dressage tests that are altogether foreign to the general run of good point-to-point horses. Dressage, which is a somewhat modified form of Haute École, requires a high-spirited yet quiet-tempered horse. An animal that "plays up" is not the slightest use, even though it may occasionally put up a brilliant performance. Dressage demands a horse of great agility, perfect balance and very considerable brains. It requires a horse who is absolutely obedient to every touch of hand or leg of its rider. A really good Dressage horse is, in fact, an equine dancer. To those qualities you have to add the stamina, and a good deal of the speed, of a steeplechaser, the initiative of a first-class hunter, and the discipline of a show jumper. Obviously, there is no "type" of Three-Day Event horse. It has been said that what is required is a "brilliant plodder." And I think that that direct contradiction in terms is not very far from the truth.

THE JUMPING TEST : This test takes place on the third day, which is the day after the cross-country endurance test. It is so timed to see if the horses, on the day after a tremendous effort, have still got the suppleness and energy to continue in service. Brigadier L. Bolton is seen jumping last year with his six-year-old gelding, Flanagan.



A PLAN OF THE BADMINTON COURSE : This is the course on which the Three-Day Event was held last year and, with minor modifications, it will be the same this year. The plan is not published until the day before, when it is shown to competitors and they are taken along it for a walk-round. The cross-country speed and endurance test is over a course of approximately 17½ miles, being run over roads and tracks with a 2¼-mile steeplechase over 10 to 12 fences, and a cross-country stretch of 4¾ miles with roughly 34 fences. The last 1,456 yards are on the flat.

And when you have found such a horse, you have got to find a rider to suit it, a rider to fit the horse as nylons fit a mannequin. The rider must know his horse through and through. He must sit, during the Dressage test, motionless—and it is an advantage if he can also manage to look slightly bored!—and he must control his mount in so masterful, yet withal in so self-effacing, a fashion that it appears as though the horse were doing it all himself. The "showmanship" of the circus Haute École rider would lose a good many points in a Dressage test in a Three-Day Event. A good Dressage rider requires the qualities of an artist without the temperament. Yet this same rider must possess the qualities that would keep him up with hounds throughout a long day over difficult country, and the qualities that would enable him to ride a good race in a high-class point-to-point. Women have shown themselves to be particularly good at the Three-Day Event in this country.

It will be seen that it must take a considerable time to find both horse and rider. And having found them it will take a considerable time to train them together: it takes years to produce a really good high-school horse. And though a Vienna High School standard is not necessary, it takes a very long time to get a really good Dressage horse. But training without competition would not be enough or nearly enough. It is only through competition—and competition over a proper Three-Day Event course under proper conditions—that you can find the right animals and the right riders for them. It is only when you have found them under such conditions that you can send them for the necessary intensive training.

In 1948 there was no Three-Day Event and no course on which such a competition could be held. I do not think that it would be any exaggeration to suggest that but for that great sportsman, the Duke of Beaufort, there would have been no British team in the Three-Day Event at Helsinki. It was he who first suggested that annual trials should be held to find a team—the correct title of the Badminton event, by the way, is the Olympic Horse Trials, though nobody ever seems to use it—and it was his practical generosity in offering Badminton as the site for such trials that made it possible.

The British Horse Society seized the chance offered by the Duke of Beaufort with alacrity, and nobody could say that they have not made most excellent use of it. Indeed, what they did for that first Event and what they have done since is little short of miraculous. They had to start literally from scratch. They had not overmuch time, and there was not a course. A course could be laid out, and was laid out. But that, after all, was the mere mechanics of the thing. What was much more important was that there was no experience to go on. Nothing like this had ever been organised before in this country. I think that a good many people (and I certainly plead guilty), remembering experiences at certain hunter trials—the long and dreadfully boring gaps between events, the complete lack of information as to what was happening, or why it was not happening, and so on—went to Badminton enthusiastic but apprehensive. We need not have worried. The British Horse Society appointed as Director Lieut.-Colonel Trevor Horn, an organising genius. The first Three-Day Event went off without a hitch of any sort. The organisation was absolutely perfect and the timing beyond reproach. Moreover, the spectator was not left in ignorance about what was going on out of his sight.

Badminton is, of course, the perfect place for such an event. There is the great house, and there is lovely country. A horse-lover could not wish to see a more beautiful sight than the Dressage or the Jumping with Badminton House in the background. But there is something more than that: there is an atmosphere, which cannot be put into words, but which affects everyone, competitors and spectators alike, a friendly informality, which is most heartening.

All this—scenery, atmosphere, first-rate organisation—helps, of course. But it is not enough to account for the quite amazing popularity of Badminton. Now—and it is a very short time since the first Event—a crowd of 30,000 attends on a single day. And Badminton is not the easiest of places to get to. Even more astonishing, 10,000 or 12,000 people will gather to watch the Dressage on the first day. Steeplechase, cross-country, show-jumping—these are fast-moving and exciting, they have their moments of drama. Nobody could say that Dressage is fast or dramatic. Indeed, it is a test that has hitherto been thought alien to the British temperament. Yet here are 10,000 or so people, from every walk of life, watching critically and enthralled. It is not enough to say that Badminton has become a social occasion, even a Royal occasion. Badminton, in its short life, has acquired that little nameless something which lifts an occasion out of the ordinary.

The most encouraging thing about Badminton from the point of view of the future is, I think, the public interest in the Dressage. Dressage has suffered in Britain for so long because the public has not understood it and has not been interested in it even as a spectacle. And that is very depressing from the competitor's point of view. Now, the Dressage test is really the most important of all the tests that go to make up the Three-Day Event. The man who does well in the Dressage has a flying start: the competitor who does badly in the Dressage has, as a general rule, much leeway to make up on the other tests. In other words, though you may not win the Three-Day Event on the first day, you can very easily lose it on the first day. In the past, many a good British rider, faced with foreign competition, has put himself out of the running altogether during the Dressage test on the first day. That happens less frequently now (though we are still as a nation far from good at Dressage) and I am sure that one of the reasons for this improvement is the presence of a large, and increasingly knowledgeable, crowd. No rider likes to be shown up before large numbers of his fellow-countrymen.

The course at the first Badminton was, necessarily and properly, not fearfully stiff. There have, of course

THE WATERSPLASH : This is one of the obstacles on the cross-country course, and here Miss M. Whitehead is seen taking it on her Ardnagus. There are usually a number of women competitors in these trials and they have been very successful. In 1951 Miss Jane Drummond-Hay was second.

A NATURAL OBSTACLE : This is one of the two fallen tree-trunks which were used last year as jumps in the cross-country. Miss D. Mason on Tramella is seen clearing it. A horse in this Three-Day Event must have the stamina and speed of a steeplechaser, the initiative of a first-class hunter, and the discipline of a show jumper ; it must be, in short, a "brilliant plodder."

A MAN-MADE OBSTACLE : J. Asker, of Sweden, is seen taking one of the jumps on the cross-country course on his nine-year-old Iller. The Three-Day Event was won last year by Major Lawrence Rook on his Olympic mount Starlight, with a score that is likely to stand as a record for years to come.

been changes and alterations since, and now it is a very tough course indeed. The first Event had no foreign competitors. It was won by John Shedden with Golden Willow ; second was Captain Ian Dudgeon and third was Brigadier Bolton. Fifth was Miss V. Machin-Goodall with Neptune. She had a quite remarkably bad Dressage, and but for that I think she would have won.

The 1950 Event again had no foreign competitors, and was again won by a professional, Tony Collings (the trainer of the British team for Helsinki) by the narrowest of margins from John Shedden. And here again the Event was really won on the first day with the Dressage competition, for John Shedden just failed to make up the leeway. Miss P. Hildebrand finished fourth, and of the first eighteen six were lady riders.

In 1951 there were foreign competitors for the first time, and they occupied three of the first four places. The Event was won by Captain Hans Schwarzenbach on Væ Victis. Second was Miss Jane Drummond-Hay on Happy Knight, a quite magnificent performance. It would not be true to say that her Dressage (which was exceptionally good by British standards) lost her the Event, but it did leave her to start the second day 48 points behind Captain Schwarzenbach and 80 points behind another Swiss, Captain Blaser. In the end, Captain Blaser, who lost much ground in the cross-country and the jumping, could finish no nearer than sixth. Miss Jane Drummond-Hay reduced Captain Schwarzenbach's lead to 19 points at the end, and that was achievement enough. But the result showed once again that one cannot afford to earn many penalty marks in the Dressage. But this year did show that our riders had made great strides in the difficult art of Dressage, and I think that for the first time some of the spectators began to feel that a win at Helsinki was not, perhaps, beyond the bounds of possibility.

There were, naturally, no foreign competitors in 1952 with the Olympic Games round the corner. Captain Darley won from Brian Young with the evergreen Brigadier Bolton third. Only 2½ points separated the first three. On this occasion Miss Jane Drummond-Hay did a remarkably good Dressage—it would have been good judged by any standard—and had a lead of no fewer than 70 points from Captain Darley, and indeed led everybody else as well, at the end of the first day, but disaster overtook her in the cross-country and she could finish no nearer than thirteenth. Our Olympic team was, of course, not competing.

And what of the Olympic Games ? Our team was A. E. Hill on Stella, J. R. Hindley on Speculation, and Major Lawrence Rook on Starlight. I suppose that everybody knows the story of near-triumph and final tragedy. Our Dressage was rather disappointing : Stella was eighteenth, Starlight twenty-seventh and Speculation thirty-first. The team placing at the end of the Dressage was ninth. Both Speculation and Stella did extremely well in the steeplechase and the cross-country, and when Rook came on Starlight he was the last rider to run in the entire competition. There were then only seven teams left from the original twenty-one, and at this stage we had a very good chance indeed of a Gold Medal. We had that chance until within 150 yards of the finish, and then Starlight blundered, put his foot in a gutter and fell. Rook was really knocked out. Though he was put back into the saddle by a couple of friendly Finns and though Starlight jumped the last fence, Rook himself was so dazed that he lost his way—and the British team was eliminated. Sweden won the team event and a Swede took first place in the individual placings. Hill was placed seventh and Hindley thirteenth, and that was justification enough for Badminton.

And last year, it may be said, Badminton really "arrived." In October 1952 the Federation Equestre Internationale decided that there should be one official Three-Day Event held in Europe each year except in the years of Olympic Games. This would in effect be the Three-Day Event Championship, and Great Britain was accorded the honour of staging the first one at Badminton. Not only did the British team win—the first win ever recorded by a British team in an International Three-Day Event—but Major Lawrence Rook on Starlight took first place and with a score that is likely to stand as a record for many years to come.

But Badminton has done more than help to produce a fine British team, more than awaken a much-needed interest in Dressage : it has made a new sport, the Three-Day Event, popular throughout Britain. There are now (I think) eight official One-Day Events (and a vast number of unofficial ones), one Two-Day Event, and another great Three-Day Event held at Harewood in the autumn. There is now, in effect, an "Event Season." And a great number of Combined Training Tests (that is, Dressage and Show Jumping) have sprung up at various shows. The pony clubs and the riding clubs have taken them up enthusiastically, and there are also now Dressage Groups. There would certainly have been no support for them in 1948—and that is the true measure of the success of Badminton.

The enthusiasm and generosity of the Duke of Beaufort, the hard work and organising ability of the British Horse Society, have been well rewarded. And the future is very bright.

THE "ARCADIA" COMPLETES HER MAIDEN VOYAGE—THE NEW P. & O. LINER SEEN FROM SYDNEY BRIDGE IN AUSTRALIA: Weighing 29,734 tons, she was the largest liner to pass under the bridge, and made the voyage in one day over four weeks. The liner has now left Australia for Colombo, where she is due on the 19th of this month, fully booked for the voyage: she carries 670 first-class and 735 tourist-class passengers. Among the many amenities providing for the comfort and entertainment of her passengers during a voyage, the *Arcadia* is fitted with stabilisers, which reduce roll in heavy seas, and below the navigation bridge is an observation lounge fitted with navigation equipment to enable passengers to follow the course the ship takes.

THE "ARCADIA" Arrives at SYDNEY

AND OTHER SHIPS IN THE NEWS

AN ITALIAN-BUILT TANKER ENTERS HER ELEMENT: The 32,000-ton tanker *Mina D'Amico* is seen as she is launched at the Ansaldo shipyards at Leghorn. This ship is claimed to be one of the most up-to-date tankers to be built. She is 656 ft. long, has a beam of 86 ft. and will carry a crew of fifty. It is expected that her speed when fully loaded will be over 16 knots.

THE TANKER "WORLD GRATITUDE" MAKES HER FIRST TEST RUN: The 33,000-ton tanker is seen in the waters of the Oslo fiord, where speeds of 20 knots were reached during trials. It is believed that this makes the vessel one of the fastest tankers in the world. The *World Gratitude* was built by the Howaldt Shipbuilding Company in Kiel for the Greek shipowner Stavros S. Niarchos. Another of his ships, the *World Harmony*, built by Vickers Armstrongs at Walker-on-Tyne, was launched recently in this country, and yet another is on the stocks at Barrow-in-Furness.

A LUXURY PLEASURE CRUISER FOR THE RIVER SEINE: This is the pleasure cruiser *Parisian*, which went into service on the Seine early this month. The vessel weighs 180 tons and will carry 400 passengers. The decks are heated by infra-red lamps, and care has been taken that while passengers are protected against bad weather, their view will not be impeded.

PRINCESS MARGARET VISITS A MINE

At Calverton Colliery, Nottingham, She Spent an Hour Below Ground and Cut Herself Some Coal

PRINCESS MARGARET GOES DOWN THE CALVERTON MINE, NEAR NOTTINGHAM : The Princess is seen coming out from the pit cage after she had spent an hour down the mine; with her are Mr. Alan Hill, the area general manager, who escorted her underground, and Miss Iris Peake, her Lady-in-Waiting. The Princess arrived in a mink coat and suède shoes, which she changed in the manager's office for a white overall and brown brogues.

MINERS AND THEIR WIVES WATCH THE PRINCESS GO : She travelled three-quarters of a mile along the 9-ft.-high underground roadway in an open Diesel-hauled train to reach the coal-face. There she was given a specially made miner's pick and invited to cut herself a piece of coal. Her first two blows only yielded a shower of dust; her next dislodged a piece which the Princess intends to have mounted. She emerged from the mine with only one faint coal smudge on her cheek.

READY FOR THE DESCENT : With a gay scarf round her hair and a miner's white helmet in her hand, the Princess steps out for her first trip to the coal-face.

Last week Princess Margaret paid her first visit to a coal-mine : the pit she chose was Calverton Colliery, an up-to-date mine near Nottingham. She arrived there in a mink coat and suède shoes, which she promptly changed in the manager's office for a white overall and a pair of brown brogues. Then, with a gay scarf wrapped round her hair and a miner's helmet on her head, she stepped into the pit cage and was dropped the 1,680 ft. to the bottom of the shaft at a speed of 40 miles an hour. With her, to explain things along the way, was Mr. Alan Hill, the area general manager. For three-quarters-of-a-mile she then travelled in a small Diesel-engined train to the coal-face. At first they saw by fluorescent lighting, but later the party had to use the lamps they brought with them.

At the coal-face, where the shaft was only 4 ft. high, the Princess had to bend almost double as she clambered about to watch a team of miners shovelling coal on to a conveyer belt. The noise of the coal-cutting machine forced her to shout, and at one point she got a mouthful of coal-dust. She said : "It tastes delicious." Then she was offered a special new pick and invited to try her hand at hewing coal. She took a couple of short jabs at the coal-face, which only yielded a trickle of dust; another two swings, and she managed to cut herself a piece of coal which, she said, she was going to have mounted as a memento. At the end of it all, she emerged from the mine and was applauded by the waiting miners.

A PRESENTATION FOR SIR WINSTON : The Prime Minister is seen at 10, Downing Street examining one of five china figurines given him by Mr. Ole Cavling, editor of the Copenhagen newspaper *Ekstrabladet*, and his wife. All the figures, which are made in costly Royal Copenhagen china, represent characters in Hans Andersen's fairy tales. The presentation was made to mark the Prime Minister's part in the annual broadcast from Odense, Hans Andersen's birthplace, on April 2. Sir Winston sent a personal message to introduce the broadcast. Mr. Cavling inaugurated the broadcasts five years ago and each year has had them introduced by a world-famous figure; to each of them he has given a set of the china figures. In Sir Winston's hand is the Shepherdess and the Chimney Sweep; the other figures are the Sandman, the Princess and the Swineherd, Hans Clodhopper, and the Emperor's New Clothes. Hans Andersen, one of Denmark's most famous sons, was born on April 2, 1805.

THE LIFE GUARDS LAY UP A SQUADRON STANDARD IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF HEVER, KENT : The band of the Life Guards, wearing dismounted review order with dark-blue storm capes, leads the standard party from Hever Castle into St. Peter's Church, where, with all proper religious and military ceremonial, it was laid up after morning service. It had been given by the commanding officer to the safe keeping of Colonel J. J. Astor, of Hever Castle, who served in the Life Guards.

It is a regimental custom of the Life Guards that old squadron standards are disposed of by the commanding officer. In former days, when cavalry standards were not always consecrated, they were sometimes preserved in the commanding officer's own house, but after the First World War it was decided that they should finally rest in a church. This last standard was given by the commanding officer, Colonel E. J. S. Ward, to Colonel J. J. Astor, of Hever Castle, who was formerly an officer in the Life Guards. He is keeping it in the 700-year-old village church just outside the castle grounds.

The Life Guards have a Sovereign's Standard for high State occasions, and also squadron standards, but no regimental standards. This standard, cased, was first paraded in front of Hever Castle, where the band was formed up. They wore dismounted review order, the splendour of their scarlet hidden by dark-blue storm capes because of the rain; they then led the standard party, who were wearing scarlet capes, down to the church. There, at the chancel steps, Colonel Ward, in full dress, stood ready to take over and hand it to the Rector, the Rev. D. B. L. Foster, for safe custody.

The Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

A Pictorial Survey of the Main Events of the Week

GENERAL GRUENTHER FLIES OVER : Smiling happ[illegible] the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, seen at London Airport on arriving [illegible] his wife. He was in London [illegible] confer [illegible] various Ministries and to address a meet[illegible] at County Hall organised b[illegible] the Engl[illegible] Speaking Union and the [illegible] Atlan[illegible] Committee to mark the fifth anniversary [illegible] the signing of the North Atlantic Trea[illegible] He said during his speech that "[illegible] is to create a shield so strong th[illegible] enemy to concentrate if he is g[illegible] and when he concentrates we c[illegible] the de[illegible]tating power of the atomic wea[illegible]." He [illegible] that he did not believe in a third world [illegible] saying: "I think we have it within our [illegible] to prevent that third world war from taking [illegible]

CRANWELL CADETS PASS OUT : With their aw[illegible] are seen the two outstanding cadets of 61st entry of the Royal Air Force Colleg[illegible] Cranwell : Flight Cadet Senior Under-Of[illegible] R. S. Blockey (on left), who won the Swo[illegible] Honour, and Senior Flight Cadet R. L. Ho[illegible] winner of the Queen's Medal. The pa[illegible] was taken by Field-Marshal Sir John Har[illegible] Chief of the Imperial General Staff

SIR EVELYN BARING, GOVERNOR OF KENYA, IS ON LEAVE IN THIS COUNTRY : Sir Evelyn is seen with his wife, son and two daughters at Howick Hall, near Alnwick, the home of Earl and Countess Grey, who are Lady Baring's parents. Sir Evelyn arrived in this country towards the end of last month, and is taking a six-weeks rest from his arduous duties in Kenya. He has said that he intends to lead a "country life" and do some forestry work near Howick Hall while on leave, but adds that he will be taking things easy.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PALE-BLUE ROLLS-ROYCE : This is the wreckage of the car which was found at the foot of a cliff at Peacehaven, in Sussex. Police are seen examining the chassis before attempting to remove it. Investigation by the Sussex Constabulary soon showed that the car had been stolen from Clapham six days before it was found at the foot of the cliff, and it was decided that it had been deliberately driven, or pushed, over the cliff, and there was no accident.

"BLITHE SPIRIT" IS PERFORMED IN A BIRMINGHAM PUB. : The Ind Coope players, engaged by the well-known brewing firm, are seen during a performance of Noël Coward's comedy in the Ring o' Roses public-house, Yardley, Birmingham. This was the first of six performances given by the players, who all come from a school of Dramatic Art in Birmingham, during a seven-days tour taking them up to Gateshead, in Durham. The play was performed in every type of public-house, including a miners' pub. at Sheffield and a dockers' pub. at Gateshead. The idea for the tour came from the travelling players who performed in hostelries in Shakespeare's day.

THE BAPTISM OF LORD ESKDAILL, THE INFANT SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DALKEITH, AT MELROSE : The Bishop of Edinburgh, the Right Rev. Kenneth Warner, is seen after the christening, with the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith and their son. On the extreme left of the picture is the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, the great-grandmother of the child. Lord Eskdaill was given the names Richard Walter John. Princess Margaret, who was one of the godmothers, was unable to attend the christening service and the Countess of Dalkeith stood proxy.

TREE-DOCTOR SHOWS OFF HIS WORK : Mr. Fred Tebbs indicates the filling he has put into the rotting trunk of an old elm tree. It had split and the split was made good with more than 3 tons of ballast and cement.

During the current controversy about the felling of diseased elms in Kensington Gardens and elsewhere, it should be remembered that many diseased or damaged trees can be saved by a little doctoring. Among the handful of specialist "tree-doctors" in Britain is Mr. Fred Tebbs. Trees that are decayed he fills like a dentist fills a tooth. Those that are dangerous he braces with wire, or prunes, or in drastic cases, fells. His jobs have ranged from uprooting a 600-year-old yew in a remote English churchyard to clearing a building site of 4,000 diseased trees. He has patched up trees that have been harmed by water rot, elm bark, and long-horn beetles; by various kinds of moth, by lightning, wind, squirrels, cattle and dozens of varieties of fungi. He has preserved ancient trees that were nearly dead and has supervised the shaping of trees, which might involve lopping off nearly two-thirds of the branches yet not altering their outward appearance very noticeably. He has, too, restored condemned trees to a healthy condition. Mr. Tebbs says the work is hazardous and that few applicants for jobs are suitable.

CLEARING TIMBER FROM A BUILDING SITE : Mr. Fred Tebbs, a specialist in tree-felling, is seen talking to some of his employees moving timber. Mr. Tebbs employs twenty-seven men, all skilled tree-toppers : he describes the profession as hazardous, and says that only one in forty applicants for a job is suitable.

Springtime at the London Zoo

As a Look Round the Mappin Terraces will Show, there have been many New Arrivals at the Zoo in the Last Few Weeks

LEARNING THE HARD WAY : Minnie is shifting one of her twin Himalayan brown bear cubs in no uncertain manner. The bears in the London Zoo are always a popular attraction.

THE BABY CAMEL TAKES A REST : Christopher, tired after explo[ring] his home, is seen sitting down "framed" by his mot[her]. Born last month, he is still a little wobbly on his spindly l[egs].

THE MORNING WALK : Minnie, the Himalayan brown bear, with paw upraised, directs her twin cubs round the compound. To keep them in order she is not above giving them a hefty cuff or two from that powerful paw.

On left—

A NEW ARRIVAL : Born on March 28, this baby mouflon, or wild sheep, is gaily frisking about in the spring sunshine and finding its feet on the Mappin Terraces.

A DOZE ON THE ROCKS : Mischa, one of the Zoo's giant polar bears, finds a rocky hump in the enclosure which just fits his vast frame.

On left—

A PROUD MOTHER : A Barbary wild sheep is seen with her newly-arrived twins. Many new babies have been born at the London Zoo in the last few weeks.

On right—

AN EASTER JOKE ON THE PENGUINS : Two Easter eggs on the edge of the penguin's pool seem to raise a certain amount of doubt amongst the local inhabitants.

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

Public Figures in London, New York and Paris

THE NABAGEREKA OF BUGANDA COMES TO TOWN : The twenty-four-year-old wife of the deposed Kabaka of Buganda with her husband shortly after her arrival in London by air from Entebbe. The Nabagereka denied reports of an impending divorce, and stated that she had only come to London to join her husband. She could not say how long she would stay, but she travelled with little luggage, and left her small child at home in Buganda.

GENERAL DE GAULLE HOLDS HIS TWICE-YEARLY PRESS CONFERENCE : The French leader in full cry at his April Press Conference at the Hotel Continental, in Paris. Since his retirement from active political life, General Charles de Gaulle has taken to making only rare public appearances. When he does, however, speak to the Press, perhaps twice a year, his conferences have all the atmosphere of a first night. Hundreds of reporters, politicians, diplomats and socialites crowded into the Paris hotel to witness an entertaining display of scathing attacks on French policy and acid comments on the events of the day. General de Gaulle defended Marshal Juin's stand on the European Defence Community, which he denounced. He suggested that France should be made a party to atomic secrets, and thus become one of the nuclear Powers.

On left—

TOSCANINI RETIRES : Without giving any public warning, the Maestro conducted his last concert at Carnegie Hall, New York, earlier this month. After conducting the National Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra in a Wagner concert, Arturo Toscanini dropped his baton and walked off the rostrum. The crowded audience filled the hall with its cheers for ten minutes, but nothing could persuade the eighty-seven-year-old conductor to return and take a final bow.

On right—

DRAMA IN MAYFAIR : A rehearsal of Edgar Wallace's play *The Frog*, which will be staged by London's most eligible socialites at the Scala Theatre in June. From left are Lord Caernarvon, Mr. Billy Wallace and Miss Judy Montagu. Others in the cast of forty are Lord Porchester, Mr. Anthony Berry and Mrs. Gerald Legge. Princess Margaret has been taking part in rehearsals.

The Sphere of Travel

Summer Days Amidst the Bavarian Alps

Where Mountains and Lakes, Castles and a Curious Folklore Combine to Provide an Attractive Holiday Land

By GORDON COOPER

MOTOR COACHES TRAVELLING ALONG THE KEHLSTEIN MOUNTAIN ROAD NEAR BERCHTESGADEN : Gordon Cooper says that Berchtesgaden is considered to be the most beautiful of all the resorts in the Bavarian Alps.

SOME months ago I wrote in these pages about the art cities of Bavaria ; now I take you to the Bavarian Alps, which lie between Berchtesgaden, near the Austrian frontier, and Lindau, on Lake Constance, or the Bodensee, to give it its German title. Here is a countryside of high mountains and Alpine pastures, of glaciers and lakes, of lovely valleys, extensive forests, and picturesque rivers. Dotted along its length are various resorts, large and small, including some typical villages where an interesting folklore still plays an important part in the lives of the inhabitants. Then, not least in appeal, are the three fantastic castles linked with the name of King Ludwig II of Bavaria.

The four major resorts in this mountain chain are Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Oberstdorf, Berchtesgaden and Lindau, while Tegernsee, Schliersee, Bayrisch-Zell, Mittenwald, Bad Reichenhall and Oberammergau are close runners-up. In every one of these places there are hotels, pensions and private rooms to suit all purses, facilities for various kinds of outdoor activities and, in the larger centres, the local tourist organisations plan a variety of organised entertainments. In fact, I am at a loss to claim that any one of these spots is better than another, although each, of course, has its own individual appeal.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen, for instance, is the most fashionable of all German mountain resorts, both in winter and summer, and it is an excellent centre for interesting excursions, including the ascent of the Zugspitze (9,790 ft.), the highest mountain in Germany, which can be done either on foot or by mountain railway. Innsbruck, too, is within easy reach. I think, however, that near-by Mittenwald and Oberammergau may attract those who prefer the smaller kind of resort. The former little town, with its fine, picture-painted houses, is a world-famous centre for the making of violins, although, alas, this craft is now on the decline. As for Oberammergau, this renowned Bavarian home of the Passion Play possesses an almost Biblical atmosphere which cannot fail to make a deep impression on any visitor. In fact, just to mingle with its inhabitants is a delight. While within easy reach are the church at Wies, with the finest rococo interior in Bavaria, the abbey church at Ettal, and the Schloss Linderhof, Ludwig II's favourite residence.

Schliersee and Tegernsee both lie on the edge of their lakes, with opportunities for bathing and boating. Not far from the former, but at a higher altitude, is the Spitzingsee, with a tiny lake and a nice hotel—the *Mayerhof*. Within easy reach, too, is Bayrisch-Zell, offering in the *Meindelei hotelpension* one of the most charming holiday homes I have ever stayed in.

Bad Reichenhall is a picturesque spa set amidst fine pine and beech woods, on the outskirts of which is a belt of mountains. The air is glorious, and the town offers quite a lot in the way of organised amusements. Not far away is Berchtesgaden, which many people consider is the most beautiful of all the resorts in the Bavarian Alps. Then, within easy reach is the Königssee, the loveliest lake in Germany. Another near-by excursion is to Hitler's legendary hermitage, the Kehlsteinhaus, which is perched like an eagle's eyrie high above Berchtesgaden. It is now a café-restaurant, from which you get a superb view. The ascent is made in the dictator's super-luxurious lift, which travels through a marble-lined shaft. Along with the amazing motor-road which leads to the entrance of the 1,140-yard tunnel, the approach to the lift, you certainly ponder on the vast expenditure it all involved.

Oberstdorf has long been popular with British visitors, and nowhere else in the Bavarian Alps are there better facilities for extended walking tours, including the provision of mountain huts. The ascent of the Nebelhorn, which dominates the valley below, is most rewarding, for from this summit you look out over a stupendous panorama of mountain peaks. (For those who are not even easy climbers there is a cable-railway and chair-lift which take you to within a short walking distance of the summit.) Then, as a matter of interest, there is near Oberstdorf a curious Austrian enclave in the valley of the Walsertal. It possesses the pleasant resorts of Riezlern, Hirschegg and Mittelberg. German money is used locally, but, although cut off from their country (for even officials can only reach it via Germany), the people remain staunchly Austrian. Each of the resorts I have named has its tourist office.

Lastly, among the holiday places I shall mention, is Lindau. This is, however, more a lakeside than a mountain resort. The little medieval town lies on an island linked to the mainland by a causeway, and it is the terminus for many of the steamer services on Lake Constance. It is, in fact, an excellent excursion centre, not only for this part of Germany but also for the Austrian province of Vorarlberg and north-eastern Switzerland. Another of its attractions is a Casino, whose profits from gambling contribute much to the pleasant development of the town. Should you wish to stay in a very ancient but comfortable inn, there is the *Gasthof Goldenes Lamm*, while two other hostelries I can recommend are the *Gasthof Stift* and the *Hotel Reutemann*, the latter overlooking the lake. During the summer season accommodation should be booked well in advance, for Lindau is extremely popular with visitors.

For those seeking tiny spots in the mountains, usually with only a single hotel, there is a wide choice—a choice often best decided by oneself on the spot. But Germania Travel, Ltd. (5, New Quebec Street, London, W.1), is a firm that deals with such bookings, as well as selling tickets for the Alpenpost bus services which link daily Lindau and Berchtesgaden, calling at the various resorts en route ; and the German Tourist Information Bureau (6, Vigo Street, London, W.1) is there to advise you in all matters concerning holidays in Germany.

One of the main tourist attractions in Bavaria is its traditional life, and nowhere is this richer than in its Alpine region. Unfortunately, many of the most interesting customs are observed outside the summer months, usually around Christmas-time and early spring. But it is worth-while enquiring about what 's on during the period you are likely to be there. In many of the resorts local plays, costume dances and the *Schuhplatter* are to be seen, while in Schliersee and some other towns there are Peasants' theatres. Bad Reichenhall goes in for a " Festival of the 10,000 Lights " and on the Chiemsee there are traditional lake festivals. A particularly attractive musical feature are the Saturday-night concerts held in the magnificent Mirror Gallery of the Schloss Herrenchiemsee, the only illumination being that provided by over 2,000 candles. It takes the seventy inhabitants of the island on which this castle stands (reached from Prien) half an hour just to light them, but the result is idyllic. There are also occasional chamber concerts in the other Ludwig castles.

Although the next occasion does not arise until 1956, it is worth bearing in mind that one of the most unusual traditional ceremonies in Bavaria takes place every fourth year in Oberstdorf. It re-enacts the legend of the " Wild Man " and dates from the time of the " Black Death." A dance is performed by weird-looking medicine men, who go through curious gyrations and movements for ninety minutes to the accompaniment of a monotonous but haunting tune

No mention of the Bavarian Alps is complete without some reference to the three amazing ca[stles] built by King Ludwig II of Bavaria. They [are] Neuschwanstein, Herrenchiemsee and Linderhof. They are all fascinating and fantastic, and they attract great numbers of visitors each year.

Neuschwanstein is the most fairy-tale of Lud[wig's] castles, and its site is surely one of the finest in the world, for the building seems poised between the earth and sky. Its interior contains many attra[ctive] rooms, the saddest being the Throne Room wit[h its] cupola representing the heavens, its sixteen m[arble] columns and open loggia, and the nine broad [steps] leading up to the place where a throne has stood. For, before a throne could be placed there Ludwig had been declared insane.

Herrenchiemsee is a copy of Versailles, for Ludwig was a great admirer of the French Court. Of it completed rooms, the two most striking are th[e] Paradesaal, with its famous " Golden Bed "—pomp an[d] luxury at its zenith—and the 300-ft.-lon[g] Mirror Gallery, which is an exact replica o[f] the one in Versailles.

Smallest of the palaces is the Linderhof a building obviously inspired by the Trianon surrounded by highly sophisticated garden set unexpectedly in a scene of wild natura[l] grandeur. The interior contains only a few rooms, each one being extremely gorgeous, although perhaps not to everyone's taste It was here the King received the artist[s] singers and poets by whom he loved to be surrounded, but where these visitors sat or rested, ate or conversed, one cannot imagine. Yet it is by imagination alone that one can try and solve the riddle of this strange monarch's life.

PROBABLY THE MOST FASCINATING OF ALL THE CASTLES BUILT BY KING LUDWIG II OF BAVARIA : This is Castle Neuschwanstein, near Fuessen, which gives the impression of being poised between the earth and the sky.

It is not everyone who wants to holiday amid mountains and beside lakes. For such people the various musical festivals held in Bavarian cities may offer appeal. The most famous of these is that held at Bayreuth, July 22 to August 22. Then, there is the Augsburg open-air summer season of Italian opera, June 13 to September 5, the performances being given at the Rotes Tor, with its medieval background of bridge, wall and tower. In Munich there is an Opera Festival, August 12 to September 9 ; in Würzburg, June 19 to July 3, a Mozart Festival, with the sublime Residenz providing a perfect atmosphere ; and, an outstanding event, the Bach Musical Festival at Ansbach (July 23 to August 3), an attractive little Bavarian town near Rothenburg and Dinkelsbühl, those two medieval gems which are unique of their kind. At this Bach Festival, Scheniderhan and Yehudi Menuhin will play the double violin concerto. Full particulars of these festivals can be obtained from the Gardiner Travel Service Limited, 189, Regent Street, London, W.1.

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THE STRANGE CARVINGS OF BENTIVEGNA

THE WORK OF A SICILIAN TREE-CARVER : These carvings on an Indian fig tree are the work of Filippo Bentivegna, of the Sicilian Province of Agrigento. Bentivegna's gardens on the slopes of Mount Cronio are adorned with thousands of carvings and sculptures which he has made during the past thirty years. They are nearly all of faces and are in stone and wood.

A BUST OF CHURCHILL BY WILLEM VERBON

A NETHERLANDS SCULPTOR AT WORK ON HIS BUST OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL : The well-known sculptor, Willem Verbon, is seen completing the very virile-looking bust which is to adorn the Town Hall in Rotterdam. Mr. Verbon has been responsible for many works of art in public places in the Netherlands and among one of his best known is the memorial which has been erected to the R.A.F. in Holland.

On left—

A NEW GADGET

A NEW-STYLE TRAVELLING MAINTENANCE CRADLE IN THE UNITED STATES : The cradle, which is owned by the General Electric Company, is seen during a demonstration at Buechel, in Kentucky. It can lift two men up to a height of 50 ft. and is used for repair work on roofs that are beyond the reach of a normal step-ladder.

On right—

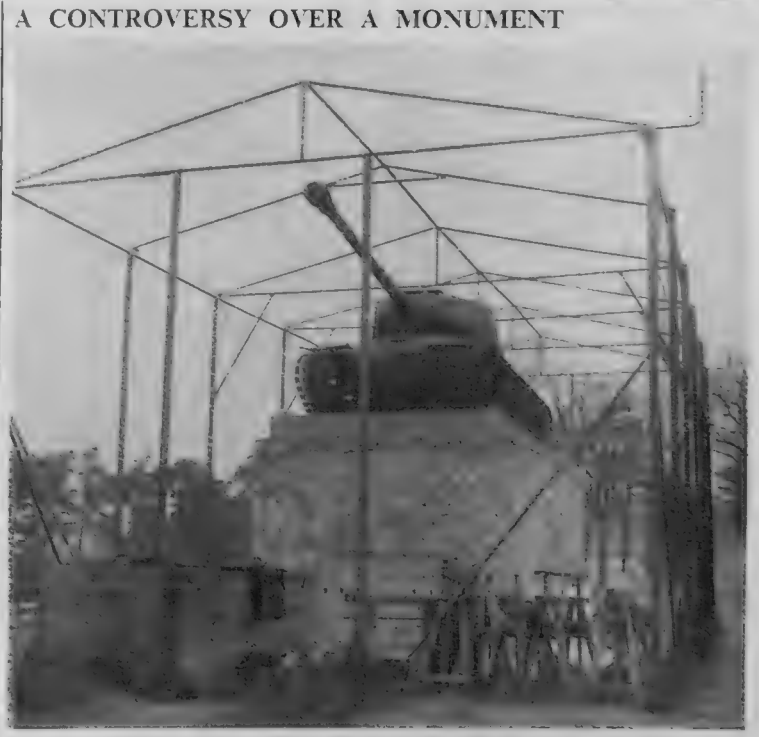
THE RELUCTANT BALLOON

AN AIR TRIP WHICH FELL FLAT : The balloon, in which Herr Eberhardt planned to make a trip to celebrate the opening of a Copenhagen fashion week, is seen collapsing after its owner had pulled the emergency cord after deciding that the weather was not favourable. A crowd of onlookers over 50,000 strong shouted their disapproval at being thus disappointed.

A SERVICE ON A SUBMARINE

A RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON BOARD A U.S. SUBMARINE : Chaplain J. F. Agnew, who is the Assistant Chaplain at the United States Naval Base at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, is seen taking a church service on the submarine *Archerfish* while on the high seas. The Chaplain was with the submarine throughout her voyage, and held services regularly.

A CONTROVERSY OVER A MONUMENT



A SOVIET MEMORIAL HAS A PROTECTIVE WIRE NETTING : This is the Soviet Memorial which was erected in the American Zone of Berlin and about which there is some controversy. Major-General T. S. Timberman, the American Commandant, has refused the Soviet authorities permission to clean the monument, as he says that West Berliners, who resent the memorial, might do the workmen some harm. The monument, which is of a Soviet T. 34 tank, has become very dirty, and this is regarded by the Russians as a smear on their prestige. Because West Berliners persisted in painting obscene slogans over the tank, which is of the same type as was used by the Russians against East Berliners in the rising of July last year, a wire netting has been put around it.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"FUTURE INDEFINITE": "THE DANCING DAYS"

Two Theatrical Autobiographies, the One by Noël Coward, and the Other by Phyllis Bedells; and a Selection of Other New Publications

THE fine perception that has been at least half the reason for Mr. Noël Coward's immense success in the theatre is turned on the writer himself in a new volume of autobiography, FUTURE INDEFINITE (Heinemann. 21s.). The period covered is from the summer of 1939 to VE-Day 1945, and the emphasis, as is right and proper, is not so much on the conduct of the war as on the effect of the war on a man of lively intelligence and considerable patriotic feeling. Reasoning that, with his experience of broadcasting, his creative ability and his knowledge of people, there must be some propaganda job for which he was fitted, he consulted the acquaintances whose advice he most respected, only to be told that since entertaining was his *métier*, he should concentrate on that in wartime.

Mr. Coward's reception of these counsels was typical; he produced his two plays, *Present Laughter* and *This Happy Breed*, and acted in both of them; wrote and acted in one of the most memorable of Naval films ever to be made, *In Which We Serve*; ran a propaganda bureau in Paris under a British ægis-until he was convinced that such work was ineffectual, and spent the greater part of the war travelling by most known means of conveyance up and down and around the world, singing and talking to fighting men, and doing it in conditions occasionally of sharp hazard and more often of discomfort, fatigue and eventual exhaustion. The perception I wrote about earlier enables him to write about himself objectively, crisply and often very, very funnily indeed. There are many passages in this long book which reveal the man as that stalwart character, the good trouper, and as a man who assessed and valued his hard-won reputation, but valued such work as he could do for his country even more.

PORTRAIT OF MISS JUANITA FORBES: This is a reproduction of a colour-plate (which also adorns the jacket) from a book devoted to the work of the Italian painter *Pietro Annigoni* (Batsford. 3 guineas). There is an introduction, with a biographical note, by Charles Richard Cammell, and Lord Moran contributes a Foreword.

THE DANCING DAYS (Phœnix. 21s.) is a theatrical autobiography of a different kind, but it has, in common with Mr. Coward's, a serious and practical approach to the stage and to a career. Miss Phyllis Bedells was only eight at the time of her first public appearance as a dancer, and by 1935, when her own dancing days ended, she had attained fame as the first of the modern English ballerinas, and as the energetic inspiring force of a national ballet movement in this country. Miss Bedells, like most conscientious actors and actresses, expresses herself with common sense, friendliness and few frills. Her many anecdotes are kindly, "dear Edgar Wallace, dear George Robey . . .," and her memory for details, aided by her collection of programmes and photographs, prodigious. This account of her career and her part in the recognition of the English ballet dancer, reads like a chapter in theatrical history and much of it, to a middle-aged reader, is nostalgic stuff.

Lieut.-Commander Showell Styles is, first and foremost, a mountaineer and, secondly, and luckily for us, a writer who has no objection to sharing the experiences of his climbs and expeditions with the less hardy. MOUNTAINS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN (Hurst and Blackett. 18s.) is his account of a small British expedition which in 1952 was the first to explore the Lyngen Peninsula, which is north of Lapland and well within the Arctic Circle. To fellow mountaineers his book, with its expert technicalities and its workmanlike appendices giving the details of food and equipment, will be invaluable. And even to the reader who is apt to get dizzy if he goes up a ladder, this tale of adventure and good-humoured discussion of plans and means makes excellent reading.

THE ANSWERS OF ERNST VON SALOMON (Putnam. 35s.) is a book which will provoke discussion, argument and even anger, but for those who are interested in the mind of a modern German intellectual, in this case a Prussian nationalist of fifty, it will be a book of real importance. Von Salomon did not join the Nazi party, but he did not, on the other hand, actively oppose them. When, after the war, he was imprisoned by the American Army for sixteen months, he was required to fill up a "de-nazification questionnaire" consisting of 131 headings and covering every phase of his career. By answering these queries in his own way, and at great length, von Salomon has provided what is not only an autobiography but, in effect, a history of the Germany he knew from 1918 to 1946. It is an extraordinary document, particularly where it treats of the effect of Nazism on the individual, or where it deals savagely and ironically with American concentration camps.

UNDERGROUND FROM POSEN (Kimber. 12s. 6d.) tells yet another chapter in the history of the Glorious Gloucesters, and one that has, in the main, been neglected or overlooked. In 1940 it was, in fact, the stand made by a brigade, including the 2nd Battalion, the Gloucestershire Regiment, that made it possible for many British and French units to reach Dunkirk. Practically all those who fought through the retreat and rearguard action at Cassel were killed or spent the rest of the war in captivity. Among the latter was Lieut.-Colonel Michael Duncan, who was taken to the notorious subterranean "reprisal" camp at Posen, but managed to escape from it, find his way across Europe and reach Gibraltar, where the flag "was very much the real thing, proclaiming to the world that here was freedom and the will to defend it."

For anyone outside the movement who still wants to find out how "Moral Rearmament" works, INSIDE BUCHMANISM (Watts. 12s. 6d.) will furnish some of the answers, for it has been written by Mr. Geoffrey Williamson, after many months of research and investigation, after scores of talks with people concerned, and after the perusal of the countless pamphlets which seem to be a feature of Buchmanite life. Some may find the greatest interest lies in the chapter headed "Where Does the Money Come From?" and some may like to brood wistfully on the days when the renamed Mountain House at Caux, in Switzerland, was the most delightful and luxurious of hotels. As for me, I found it all immensely depressing.

Although I didn't read the two books in succession, Miss Phyllis Bottome's novel, AGAINST WHOM? (Faber. 12s. 6d.), had something of the same effect on me, and this in spite of the author's evident determination to infuse it with the faith and hope she so clearly feels. The setting, to begin with, is not one to inspire pleasure, since it is a sanatorium for consumptives, and the five or six principal characters are all in more or less advanced stages of the disease. Miss Bottome's thesis, implicitly and tenderly expressed, is that no man or woman can hope to live at peace with themselves unless they practise that most deeply Christian of principles, of loving their neighbour as themselves. It is a fine idea, and it is from no lack of sympathy that I found it difficult to assimilate.

One of this week's other novels is American, in authorship and in setting. It is Miss Dawn Powell's story of one of the aspects of literary New York, complete and, indeed, glittering with all the trappings of critical reviews, cocktail parties, new magazines, new articles, new plays, new books and, as likely as not, new people. There is a good deal of neo-sophisticated chatter in THE LOCUSTS HAVE NO KING (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.) and an unconscionable deal of love-making, but it is all very easy and readable and the characters entertain and amuse.

Mr. Rayne Kruger writes of the strange quest of an Englishwoman in post-war Berlin, and of the suspense and desperation that mark her journey. MY NAME IS CELIA (Longmans. 10s. 6d.) is one of those stories that may be read on two levels of appreciation; either as a fast-moving story in which the realism and the excitement are enough in themselves to hold the reader, or as an examination of the background to mass immorality, its origins and its nightmares.

AFRICAN DIVERSIONS (John Lehmann. 10s. 6d. was first published in its original German nearly twenty years ago, and is the work of a writer who remains an enigmatic novelist, Mr. Ernst Juenger. Briefly, the story is of a young German in the year before the First World War who attempts to escape the tedium of his comfortable bourgeois home by enlisting in the French Foreign Legion, only to find that a merely geographical change is no solution. A strange book, but in its way a rewarding one.

Mr. Donald Ford writes, in a measured and slightly portentous style, the saga of a Welsh family who dominate a coal-mining valley, and the lives of its inhabitants. THERE IS STILL A RIVER (Constable. 12s. 6d.) has the distinction, however, of having been conceived and written in the same key, with no false notes and, in a deliberate way, much that is harmonious.

BITTER HONEYMOON (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of eight short stories, written over the last twenty or thirty years by Alberto Moravia, and arranged in the date order of their composition, a device which helps one to study the development of one of contemporary Italy's most important writers, and certainly one of the most readable. Some of these stories, particularly the early ones, are no more than incidents, caught and reproduced, others are nearer the form of the classic tale.

In the category of adventure and detection this week is a new collection of Mr. Leslie Charteris's inimitable Saint stories. His hero (and ours) is as imperturbable, as debonair, and as preposterously handsome as ever, as quick to get into a dangerous situation, and as miraculous in extracting himself. Altogether, THE SAINT IN EUROPE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is just about up to specification.

HARDSHIPS OF THE "GOLDEN AGE"

An Introduction to Seventeenth-century France

In the seventeenth century France had a population of 18,000,000 or more, against the present figure of 41,000,000; but in those days her population made her, numerically, by far the strongest Power in Europe, her only rival being the House of Austria with its heterogeneous possessions forming a population block of some 20,000,000. France positively towered above the 5,000,000 of Spain and England, and even the 14,000,000 of Russia. With her great population and her comparative wealth derived from an agricultural economy, France in due time succeeded Spain as the dominant Power in Europe. The way she made use of her opportunities is well set out by Professor Lough in his admirable volume AN INTRODUCTION TO SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE (Longmans Green. 21s.). In his first six chapters the Professor outlines the social and political history of this "golden age." He shows, in particular, the lot of the peasantry. It was an age when only a very few people were landless, but that did not necessarily mean very much in terms of individual prosperity. The peasants were very much in the hands of the Lords of the Manor, being compelled to take their grain to the lord's mill to be ground, to take their flour to be baked in his oven, and their grapes to be pressed in his wine press. The almost incessant wars in which Louis XIV became involved added vastly to the taxation placed upon the backs of the peasantry, whose lot worsened as the century progressed. The general picture is one of all-round hardship, with certain sections of the nobility very near the bread line, for Louis XIV was a hard taskmaster. Professor Lough is also rather hard on us. He emphasises the contribution of this famed era to language and literature, and we can only express sorrow that some of his extensive quotations, which beyond doubt add pith and meaning to his text, may tend to elude those of us who left school twenty, thirty and forty years ago.

In 1842 the second Marquis of Breadalbane entertained the youthful Queen Victoria and Prince Albert with lavish pomp at Taymouth Castle. In those days his domains stretched for 100 miles, from Aberfeldy, in central Perthshire, to Oban, on the Atlantic coast of Argyll. This splendour did not endure, and the Breadalbane possessions have shrunk vastly in the past century. This does not prevent Mr. V. A. Firsoff calling his survey of this area of the Perthshire Highlands by the picturesque title THE HILLS OF BREADALBANE (Robert Hale. 18s.), and he is careful in his opening chapter to define the limits of this terrain which embraces Loch Tay, the Ben Lawers group of the Grampians, the mountainous country round Crianlarich and Tyndrum, as well as Scotland's longest and one of her most fascinating glens, Glen Lyon. Mr. Firsoff combines skill as a photographer and artist with his skill as a writer, and he looks on this land with a poet's eye—a place where there is no haste or frenzy in the majestic flow of days and there is solitude to refresh the mind of man.

George Woodbury is an anthropologist by profession, but his special spare-time study has always been piracy, and in the many out-of-the-way parts of the world he has visited he has been at pains to improve his knowledge. In his book THE GREAT DAYS OF PIRACY (Elek. 15s.), he traces the development of organised seaway robbery and describes in particular its most fruitful period, the days, indeed, when New Providence, in the Bahamas, became a veritable pirates' republic. What is specially interesting is that the pirates of New Providence set up their own democratic form of Government; for apparently even lawlessness demands a measure of law and order. Mr. Woodbury has written a most entertaining book and he has missed none of his ample opportunities in building up an exciting narrative.

Professor Charles J. Sisson, one of the great authorities on Shakespeare's life and works, has edited a really admirable edition of THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (Odhams Press. 25s.), and editor and publisher alike deserve special congratulations. Professor Sisson has carried out a scholarly revision of the text which will help readers to appreciate the rhythm and meaning of a whole number of once obscure passages, and each play is introduced with a critical and explanatory preface. These prefaces, rather in the manner which John Masefield employed in his Shakespearean handbook many years ago, are most helpful in relation to the historical plays and also the plays which are less regularly produced, such as *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus and Cressida* and *Titus Andronicus*. Professor Sisson also includes the play of *Sir Thomas More*, of which Shakespeare was probably part-author. This play has never yet reached the professional theatre, but it has not been entirely neglected, having been produced by Birkbeck College in 1922 and King's School, Canterbury, in 1938.

Mr. R. O. Dunlop, R.A., contributes the volume on LANDSCAPE PAINTING to the New Art Library (Seeley Service. 35s.). This is a practical book by an artist of wide experience. In addition to the practical and instructive chapters, the author gives us a critical survey of the work of the great landscape painters. Plates in colour and monochrome show important phases of development.

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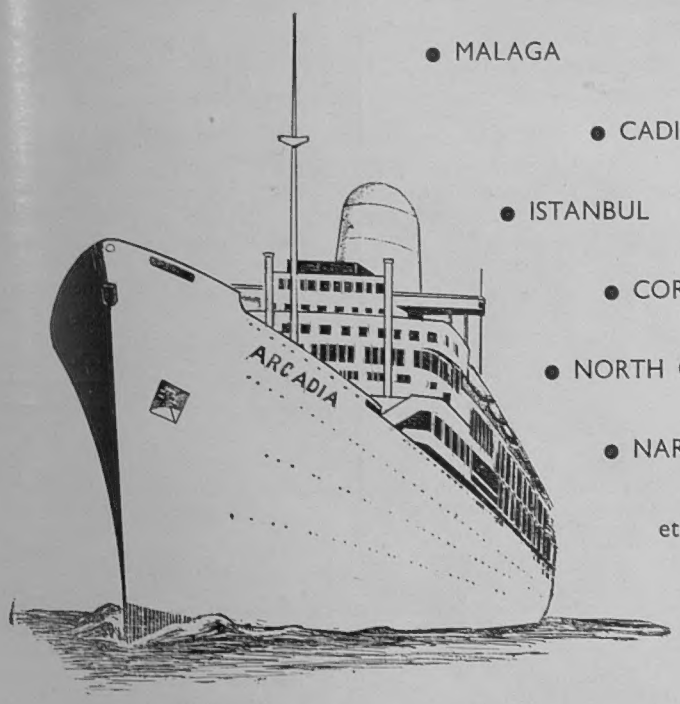

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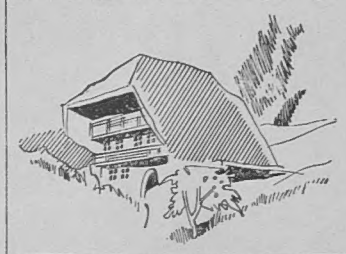

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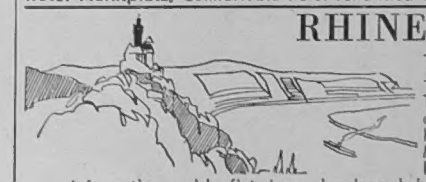

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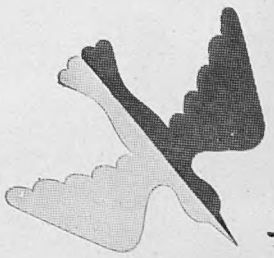

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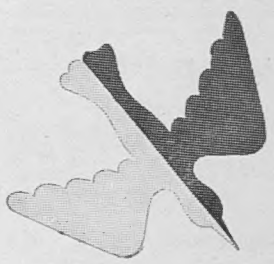

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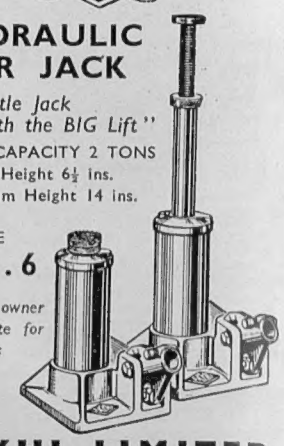

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

LENGTHENING days, spring flowers and a climbing barometer, prompt thought of the open road. Already cars are being spruced up, springs sprayed and engines tuned ready for the day. Britain and Ireland offer infinite variety in scenic charm and old-world characteristics. The problem is not so much of where to go as where to stay.

I question whether the touring motorist is wise in planning what might be termed an endless-chain holiday, that is one night here, the next night there, and never in the same bed for two nights running. Apart from the reluctance of hotel-keepers to book up one-night accommodation weeks ahead with all the attendant risks of cancellation, the motorist who chances his luck to get in somewhere without booking during the season, risks having the night sky as his only roof.

There are hotels which by their very location lend themselves as touring bases. This week let us consider Scotland. My first example is Dalmunzie House Hotel, which lies a mile off the road by the Spittal of Glenshee. Here not only can one get the real feel of Scotland, but several days may be spent motoring around, and rarely covering the same ground twice. Following probably a full day's run, time might well be spent in exploring on foot the surrounds of Dalmunzie House, the hotel's own farm and farther afield the glens, burns, or the mountains. Reverting to the car, one day could be taken up touring Deeside, another devoted to Tayside, eastwards to Perth and Dundee. For a short excursion, I recommend a run over to Pitlochry, and one day should certainly be spent with picnic hamper and camera, on a circular tour around Loch Tay. However the time may be employed one can be sure that Denis Winton, Dalmunzie's kilted laird, will attend in experienced fashion to your gastronomic needs.

On the west side of Scotland, Aberfoyle makes a good centre. Here, perched on the hillside, away from noise of passing traffic, is a somewhat unique Scottish holiday base in The Covenanters Inn. Russell Steele, its resident owner, is a man of imagination and resourcefulness. His idea for the child of his creation was that of an olde worlde Scottish inn, and in his "Wee Noggin" cocktail bar, entrance hall and lounge, old stone fireplaces and rough hewn beams are craftily illuminated by cartwheel candelabra and wall bracket lights.

The bedrooms, few in number, are modernly appointed, with bedside telephones, and some have private bathrooms. Catering is one of the high spots of this unusual inn, and by keeping his prices moderate, Mr. Steele has made The Covenanters a magnet of attraction for the residents of Glasgow, 27 miles away. Look up Aberfoyle on your map and you will see what an excellent base it is, with the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, Stirling and Edinburgh all an easy day's excursion.

While still on the subject of touring in Scotland, take note of Drumnadrochit. You will find it 15 miles west of Inverness, on the Caledonian Canal road. About a mile farther on you will come to Lewiston Bridge. Here, tucked away from the sound of the horn and the smell of the exhaust, is a modernised white-washed Highland inn, The Lewiston Arms, presided over by that well-known Scottish hotelier and his wife, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. M. Malcolm. Those who book here just for a night must surely leave regretfully, for hospitality is dispensed with full regard for national and local dishes, and though the wines obtainable by glass or bottle are international, they blend well with the friendly environment of the surrounds.

What to do? For motorists, a circular tour of Loch Ness; a lovely round *via* Glen Urquhart to Beauly and Inverness. Another day through Glen Moriston and Cluanie Glen, and along Loch Duich to the Kyle of Lochalsh. A great day, weather permitting, for the use of camera or sketch-book. Then if you are a fisherman, conversation in the cosy lounge will turn to salmon and trout fishing prospects in Loch Ness or the Endrick rivers. Definitely an inn at which to halt for quite a while.

The motorist touring Scotland tends to forget the south-west corner, that is Galloway and the Burns country around Ayr and Troon. So I would urge you, if you are planning a Scottish motor tour this year, to turn left, when travelling north to Dumfries, and make for the shores of the Solway. At Southerness, famed for its golf-course, is the unusual Paul Jones Hotel, named after the founder of the American Navy who lived thereabouts. Here Major and Mrs. R. A. Oswald have with great ingenuity converted some fishermen's cottages into an hotel, with a result the village is the inn and *vice versa*.

Apart from lazing for a few days with miles of sand and safe bathing at the doorstep, there is shooting and fishing to be had, and with a car one can explore the many indents and creeks of a picturesque coastline which is reminiscent of Brittany and Devon. Then around the coast or over the wild Galloway hills to Troon, where The Marine Hotel has everything laid on for holiday attraction and motorists' comfort. Keith Vilvandre, its energetic manager, caters also for air travellers, Prestwick Airport being but a mile or so away. Indeed, some London golfing enthusiasts think nothing of running up for a spring or autumn week-end at The Marine, seeing Prestwick can be reached from London Airport in an hour-and-a-half by transatlantic 'plane.

My concluding thought for the motorist touring Scotland this year is: If you have difficulty, or do not want to stay in Edinburgh itself during the Festival, choose Greywalls Hotel at Gullane, or the Woodside Hotel at Aberdour. Both are at present run for those who can enjoy the independence of being a car owner.

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